THE BYSTANDER
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SEPTEMBER 14, 1932

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The BYSTANDER

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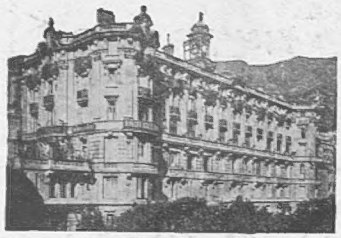

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The Bystander, September 14, 1932

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The BYSTANDER

L.N.A.

ON THE CÔTE D'ARGENT

Four of the people who have made this year's season at Biarritz such a good one, in spite of rather changeable weather; but they have evidently had some sun there: Mrs. Woolley Hart, Sir Hugh Smiley, Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes, and Mr. Weineger. *More Biarritz photographs are on pages 485, 486, 487*

THE PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

LONDON is distinctly brown. This shade has been achieved by those who have had a "well-earned holiday" on the Riviera, the Lido, Biarritz, Pourville, and Margate. At the last-named resort the visitors had probably really earned their holiday, and at Blackpool we know that the portly Viscount, in the company of Colonel Riviera. The summer Casino at Monte Carlo has been a huge success: as a relaxation from the gambling, which was quite heavy, there were the charms of Marion Harris, and, later, Ambrose's band. The best turn of all was Cicely Courtneidge, playing at the tables, doing one of her burlesques; even the serious gamblers, angry at first, had to smile. Lady Baillie played at the high table, with an immobile expression. Mr. Robin McAlpine had very good luck—beginner's—for it was his first attempt. He has motored all over Europe, and found Luxemburg and Innsbruck like they are presented at the Coliseum—real musical-comedy towns. Lady Mount Temple was well protected against the sun with gigantic hats and parasols: she had a new creation of beach pyjamas every day. Yo-Yo was popular, though I did not hear of her playing it. This little sport has now reached the "comic-vulgar" song stage, a prelude to its decease, which I foresee in a few months.

CANNES has been full to the brim, mostly with French people, though we have sent our representatives from the Embassy Club, Punch's, and Nash's, who have now all returned, except for Miss Celia Palmer, who kept missing car after car as they left for England. I am told that Mrs. Irving Netcher (Rosie Dolly) has been the Queen of Cannes. I wonder why? I hear that tempers were rather short there this summer: from one villa, couples kept fleeing for the comparative quiet of a hotel. The women seemed to become ultra-flirtatious, encouraging Gallic attentions, while the men became correspondingly morose, and propped up the bars later and later each

The idle one is the Hon. Mrs. Lucius Cary, the wife of Lord Falkland's eldest son, and the busy couple are Elizabeth Ann and Jean, her two small daughters. They have been down at Frinton

Lenare

The Hon. Elizabeth Brand is the third of Viscount and Viscountess Hampden's four daughters; she is twenty-one this year. Her eldest sister is the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood, and her brother, the Hon. Thomas Brand, married Miss Leila Seely

George Parkinson, one of the really self-made men in the country, disdained all thoughts of the Riviera, and was distinctly "Come to Britain" in his ideas. The Court is still at Balmoral, entertaining that succession of guests as daily recounted in the social columns; the Princess Royal has been at Doncaster, the Prince of Wales and Prince George are now returned from Biarritz, Princess Elizabeth has this week left me out of her correspondence, so I am rather hazy as to her activities.

BUT from all sides there is a general winding-up of the holidays, so let us drain the last dregs of the glories of the

At the Aboyne Games: The Earl of Haddo, Lord Sempill, Major McGregor-Whitton, Lady Sempill, the Countess of Haddo, and the Hon. Elizabeth Forbes-Sempill

Busy and One Idle

evening. But one very happy couple were the Barnatos, "Babe" and his wife.

FROM the Lido one could almost hear Mr. Randolph Churchill's voice resounding from the inside of a bathing-tent, with a free use of the first person singular. Italians, Germans, and Frenchmen were all amazed at his linguistic flow; of course, we are used to it in this country. He has been staying with Mrs. Harrison Williams, the attractive American who has been entertaining so much there. St. Mark's Square at night was the meeting-place of everybody—the Paul Münsters, Sir Harry and Lady Joan Verney, Messrs. "Chips" Channon and Hubert Duggan (annual visitors), Nikitina, Lord Sefton, Sir Robert and Lady Diana Abdy, and Miss Doris Duke, who may experience difficulty in getting escorts to drive with her in a car after the incident with the very charming young baronet: he really has turned the laugh against her. The season at Salzburg is surely over, for Mr. Sidney Beer is back, and he would miss nothing of importance in the musical line. Mr. Victor Gollancz I found in the Savoy Grill; he thought that *Oberon* was the best performance given there, and was very enthusiastic about a dramatic soprano, Maria Müller. He is a good judge of music as well as publishing.

FROM a distinguished schoolmaster who went on a P. and O. cruise I heard that the restrictions put upon passengers were apt to be irksome. The bar closed at 11.30 p.m., so if one was dancing after midnight, thirst or minerals were the winners. There were little pettinesses over dress, which, when put to the vote, were ruled out by the passengers. Mr. Eddie Tatham and Mr. Esmond Harmsworth got the reputation of being quiet and reserved—one girl told our Eddie that he was "worth while getting to know"; I think he must have sat like the usher in Eugene Aram, remote from all, a melancholy man!

DONCASTER carried last week's social heavy artillery, with the Leger as centrepiece. There is never a great deal of cheering when the Aga Khan wins his numerous classic races. The public probably thinks that he has won so many of them that it is time somebody else had a turn. At Epsom this year the cheering after the Derby was terrific, but there was almost silence after the Oaks. What causes the loudest cheers for the winner? The owner's popularity or the amount of money the crowds have put on it? Doncaster was its usual rather hearty self. Women wore tweeds; the men looked as though they had rather reluctantly left their guns and spaniels behind; Lord Harewood was his dignified self as senior Steward of the Jockey Club and husband of the Princess Royal. Everybody loves Lady Charles Cavendish; in whatever group she was, there were always smiles—this year's most popular bride. Sir Jock Jardine's sartorial effect was neat, but "horsey"; his wife fluttered amicably round her friends, plaintively pleasant. There were all the usual house-parties. Grumbling at the grouse was a staple topic of conversation, for it is decidedly a bad year for them; the brothers Purdey have told me that, and they are the weather-glass of the shooting world. Society racegoers now return to their country mansions until the trumpet calls them to the Rowley Mile course at Newmarket for the October meetings.

HOW tiresome are the differences in London's licensing laws! They vary north and south of Oxford Street, as I discovered when I came out of the Queen's Hall, after hearing Sir Edward Elgar's *Enigma Variations* at a Promenade concert. There was an enigma all right in the Langham Hotel when I tried to get a drink. A dear old hotel like that, the acme of dull yet dignified respectability, which one associates with luminaries of the Church, professors, and aunts up from the country—no, it was after ten o'clock and, I suppose, realising what desperately boisterous audiences visit the Queen's Hall, the local authorities are determined to drive them farther south.

Claude Harris

A new portrait of the Hon. Vanda Vivian, Lord and Lady Vivian's attractive daughter. Her elder sister is Lady Weymouth

A small spectator at the Aboyne Games last week was: the Hon. Jean Coats, with her mother, Lady Glentanar. Lord and Lady Glentanar entertain a good deal during the Aberdeenshire season

THERE is going to be a very great deal of orchestral music this winter—the B.B.C., the London Symphony Orchestra, Courtauld-Sargent concerts (in triplicate), the Philharmonic Society, and two sets of Sunday concerts, besides all the famous soloists who visit us. Mr. Geoffrey Toye is just off to Copenhagen, taking an English ballet with him of thirty girls, whom he has been training at Sadler's Wells. The King of Denmark and the Prince of Wales are to be present at the opening performance. Mr. Toye has composed a ballet, the action of which takes place in the Customs House at Boulogne. It is rather a pity that it is not our Customs at Dover—they do make themselves so tiresome. No wonder foreigners get a wrong impression of this country at their first view! A friend who has been motoring in Europe in a large car piled with luggage, crossed eighteen frontiers, each time being almost apologetically asked to open one small suit-case; at Dover, the whole lot was ransacked. Encouraging for our "Come to Britain" movement!

FOREIGN visitors enjoyed some "aerial" hospitality when Heston arranged a programme for them. The weather was terrible for flying. Commander Geoffrey Rodd was one of the leaders of the flights, and even he found it rough; he flicked off to Biarritz afterwards for a few days. Lord Willoughby de Broke's passenger went blue and green in turn, nearly causing him to make a forced landing. But the visitors enjoyed themselves socially, if not aerially. The May Fair Hotel put them up, they "did" the sights of London in char-à-banc parties, which an attractive Czecho-Slovakian, Mrs. Irene Hahn, thoroughly enjoyed; Liverpool did not amuse her so much.

FIRST nights last week included Ralph Lynn, obviously searching for his college-friend, Tom Walls, at the Aldwych Theatre. How we miss him in those farces; but he seems to direct all his energies upon the films. At Wyndham's there was *The Way to the Stars*, and on Wednesday the Oxford Blazers did a revue at the Little Theatre—the performers obviously enjoyed themselves, so the audience naturally responded. At each of these plays I was pointed out the lovely Miss "Vita" Ross, and she was again at Quaglino's at lunch. Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, looking very attractive in green, came in with her father, the Brazilian Ambassador; she has been at Baden-Baden while her mother did a cure. What excellent food one gets at the Piccadilly—the best hotels in London feed one better than any in Europe. It is the mediocre ones which fail so lamentably, so that one notices the corresponding difference abroad. And M. Boulestin has made a gramophone record of making an omelette.

MISS JEANNE STOURTON has joined Mr. Selfridge's banner in the scent department, Miss Rose Bingham has deserted Glynde and is staying with the Charles sisters. Marion Harris is back at the Café de Paris, so is Jack Harris; Poulsen is rubbing his hands with glee at his "full houses." A gang of incipient workers (to take part in the revue, *After Dinner*) came in, Betty Colclough, Joan Clarkson, Audrey Simson, Mona Simson, Hilary Charles; they open at Southsea, so some nautical evenings are in view. The Commandant of the Naval Barracks at Portsmouth has already been warned. Miss Dorothy Hyson was dancing with Mr. George Mercer-Nairn—she is pretty, but must not appreciate it so obviously and so early in her débutante career. Princess Imeritinsky, whose impending divorce suit had that evening been announced, was there dressed in white; her sister had been on the balcony the previous evening.

MR. CERMAK has been staying at Claridges'. I do not know whether the Press have been offered a free trip to Chicago, of which he is Mayor. I think it would be declined, in spite of his assurances as to the purity of that city. Miss Janet Megrew has left for America, Sir Harry MacGowan sailed on Saturday to stay with Sir James Brown in his fishing camp near Bathurst, New Brunswick. Mrs. Peter Horlick has been seen lunching at the Ritz, so London must surely be its normal self again. There is a last flicker of the Pourville season. Colonel Smallwood tells me that the polo is over but that the week-end was full; the Francis Scotts were over there, also Lady Phyllis Allen, and some literary talent, including Sir Owen Seaman, who has just celebrated his seventy-first birthday, and A. P. Herbert.

Above: Viscountess Suirdale and Miss Nancy Brassey played together in the Lady Members' v. Artisans' Annual (Handicap) Foursomes at Prince's Club, Sandwich

Right: One of the stall-holders at the Bute V.A.D. Fête at Mountstuart was Lady Dumfries, the wife of Lord Bute's eldest son; her jam and cakes went like wildfire

The Countess of Dumfries

Another stall-holder at the Bute V.A.D. Fête, which Lady Bute opened, was Lady Jean Bertie, Lord and Lady Bute's younger daughter, who married the Hon. James Bertie four years ago

Beach-Combing at Biarritz

Chambre d'Amour and Chiberta

Below : America at the Chambre d'Amour : Mrs. James J. Cabot, who comes from Boston, and Mrs. John Fairey, of Baltimore

Boston and Baltimore

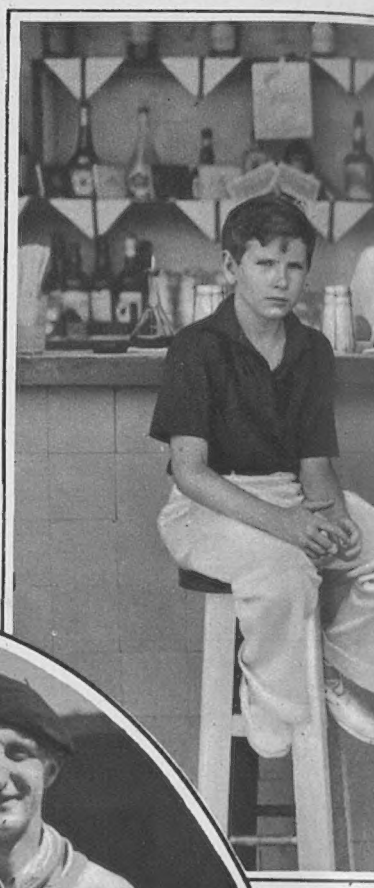
Cocktails Before Lunch

On the Chambre d'Amour plage, where all Biarritz meets to bathe and sun-bathe : Mme. de Peña, her daughter, Mrs. Tillotson, and Mrs. Neave

Left : Mrs. Harry Brown with some of her party at the Chambre d'Amour, including Mrs. Delldy and her dog, Lt.-Col. E. P. Johnston (left), Sir Stephen Bull, Mr. Bernard Calvert, Mr. John Paget, M. M. Pastega, and Mr. Lawrent Buhan

Above : Mrs. John Hinds, wife of Major John Hinds, who runs Chiberta so well, and Mrs. Hirsch having tea together. Mrs. Hirsch, who is evidently a "quilting" addict, was Miss Violet Levita before her marriage

The young brigade line up for the camera : This line-up includes Miss Elliott-Ware, Miss Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes, Mr. H. Phillips, Miss Mary Perine, and Mr. John Smiley (Sir Hugh Smiley's brother)



Two of the Regulars

Left : Col. O'Malley-Keyes, and his daughter, Miss June O'Malley-Keyes. He and his family spend most of their time at Biarritz, and are in the centre of the social whirlpool there

Fashions in pyjamas on the beach at Biarritz : Mrs. Dudley Tooth in spots, and Miss Rosemary Cohen in stripes even more complicated than the zebra's

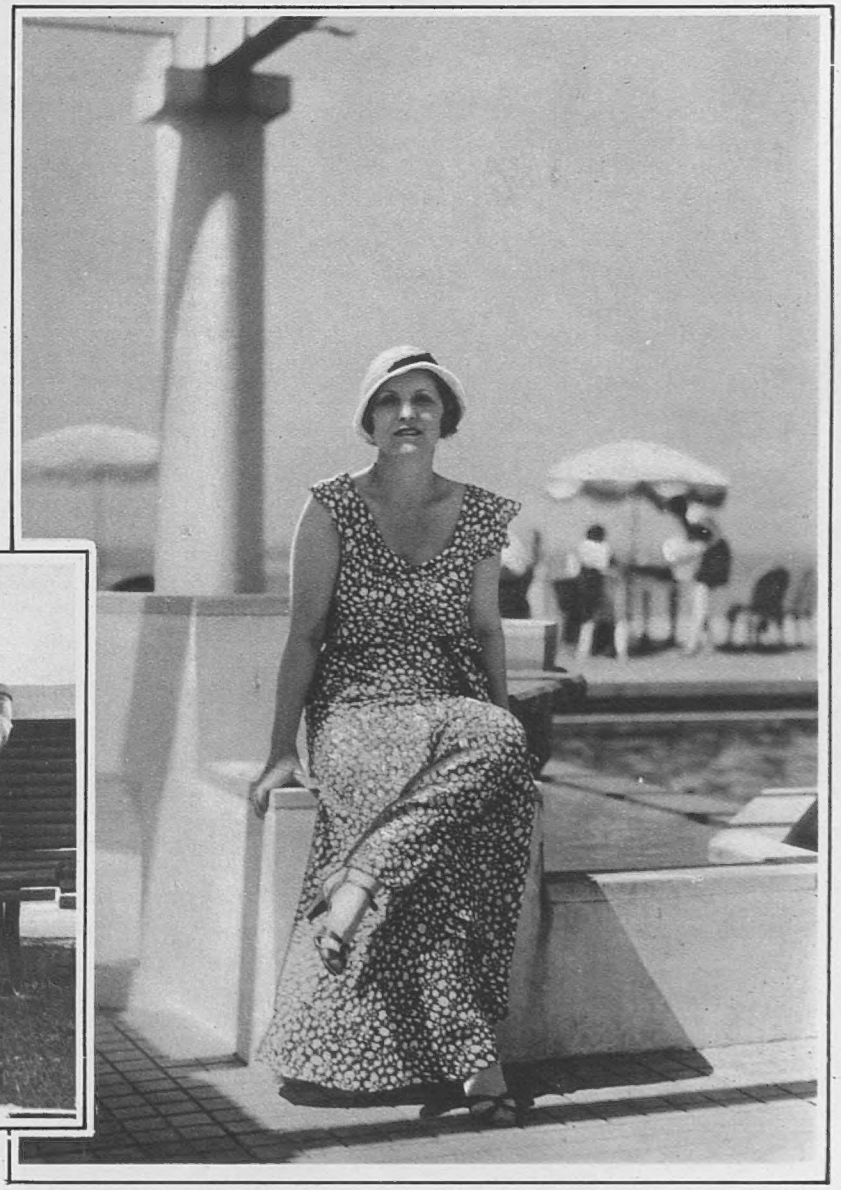
Two of the even younger brigade: John and Betty Ordway line up in the bar with their mother, Mrs. Ordway, and General Trotter

Cocktails at the Pergola, at St. Jean de Luz: The group includes Mr. Paul Rested, Mrs. Francis Carey, Mr. A. Renwick Beck, M. de Vicuna, Mme. de Vicuna, and Mr. W. K. Hyslop. Whose health were they drinking?

Biarritzians

Visitors and Regulars in Atlantic Coast Sunshine

On the polo ground, watching one of the many matches which are played during the summer season at Biarritz: Miss Jean Macfarlane and Major Guinness



Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston is one of the most popular of hostesses on the Côte d'Argent, and entertained the Prince of Wales and Prince George when they were down there; their visit guaranteed the season's success

Photographs by London News Agency

Holding the Fort

And Welcoming the Winter Season at the Café de Paris

The opening night of the winter season at the Café de Paris took place last week, and many of M. Poulsen's regulars were present. Above are Miss Peggy Wood and Mr. John van Druten

Left: Miss Jeanne Stourton, who has taken a job at Selfridge's in the "perfumery," patronised the Café de Paris balcony, and was with Mr. John Henderson and Mr. John Hanbury

Above: Another representative of the stage who was at the opening night was Miss Isla Bevan, with Mr. David Hutchinson

Above: Mrs. Peter Horlick having a nice hot cup of coffee (or is it soup?) while her father, Mr. Charles Nicholl, has a cigarette and watches the dancers

Left: The stage again, and one of the regulars at that: Mr. Nelson Keys, and with him is Miss Audrey Ackland

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

Below : In another party at Quaglino's, when the camera called there a few nights ago, were Mrs. Charles Cox, of New York, and Mr. E. Bosca

At supper at Quaglino's : Lord Inverclyde, who is now in Scotland, entertaining at Castle Wemyss, and Miss Hilary Charles, who has been staying with him

IT is not easy to look attractive, smart and distinguished. Most women fail in the third instance. Lady Dumfries, however, manages the trinity very successfully ; so does Lady Gage, who has just presented her husband with a son and heir. I must add Mrs. Bryan Guinness to this list, and Mrs. Henry Broughton, whom we still know as Miss Diana Fellowes.

I AM going to be very dashing and tell you who I consider are really happy married couples. Lord and Lady Weymouth are a joy to see together ; Herbert Marshall and Edna Best—no one has ever doubted their deep happiness with each other ; Mr. Studley Herbert and Lady Seafield ; Lord and Lady Churchill ; the Duke and Duchess of Portland ; and, lastly, but in no ways least, perhaps, in fact, the happiest couple of all, the Duke and Duchess of York.

HOW few women look really feminine these days ! But Lady Beaumont does, who was Miss Réne Northey ; so does little Joan Barry. Perhaps being small makes strong men feel they must protect them from the cruel, hard world, but it can't only be height, because I don't feel like protecting Lady Cambridge, or Fanny Ward, or Miss Jenny Dolly.

IT is amusing on the Riviera to see, at the same time, three of the greatest comédiennes of our age. I mean Beatrice Lillie, Cicely Courtneidge, and Fanny Brice. There are also Josephine Baker, a great sensationalist; Fanny Ward, an ever-green legend ; Rosie Dolly, the unforgettable ; and Mistinguette, who is just Paris and more Paris. There's some clever girls for you.

TALKING of names, what unusual ones our Dukes have—
Bendor, Kim, Geordie.
While our Earls' are affectionate diminutives—Breckie, Burghie, Porchie.

WHOSE are the following nicknames ?
Puffin.
Nigs.
Vivi.
Bunny B.
Jumbo.

SLOGANS are the latest—
Dorothy dances divinely.
Celia chatters ceaselessly.
Bridget backchats bitterly.
Sybil sighs secretly.
Willie wanders wistfully.
Rosemary runs rapturously.

HAS a certain suspicious husband been backgammoned ? Serve him right ! "Live and don't listen" should be included in the Mayfair marriage service.

THE Ranee of Sarawak is one of the most intelligent of mothers, and her children adore her in consequence. And, believe me, intelligent mothers are few and far between. Mrs. Richard Guinness is one, and so is Lady Gormanston.

LOVELY, lonely ladies (French at that), in hotels, are sometimes a problem. "Scotland next year" vows a pretty Mayfair wife.

WHAT a good shot Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell is ! And so good-looking, too. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister is also good with a gun, and so are Sir Ian Walker, Lord Rochdale, and Lord Home, who has a fine moor in Lanarkshire. Sir Bolton does not own a moor, but has some good pheasant-shooting on his Worcestershire estate.

HOW very attractive Lady Elizabeth Paget is ! She has a charming little nose—such an important feature. I was never as enthusiastic over Lady Ninburnholme's classical nose as I ought to be. But I adore Lady Howe's. Lilian Harvey has a nose which should be engraved on a coin, and a gold one at that. Miss Nancy Mitford's nose is uninteresting, but Miss Sheila Berry's has great character.

"ALL the rich young bachelors seem to be tall," someone exclaimed, and I remembered Sir Michael Duff-Assheton Smith, Mr. Jim Lawrence, Lord Sefton, Sir Paul Lathom. It seems unfair that one should be poor and short.

TWO exciting engagements are rumoured from Scotland. One concerns a rich young landowner, and the other a tenant of a well-known moor.

THERE can surely be no truth in the rumour that at the party given by the divorcée and her co-respondent to celebrate the event, being a couple short for dinner, an urgent call was put through to Lord and Lady Merivale to make up the number ?

SOME French women talk the most attractive English. One is Mrs. Francis Scott, who has been over here at Bembridge and in London. At Quaglino's, she was naïvely enquiring what was the feminine for a donkey in English. She was informed there was no word. "But surely it must be donkess," she said.

At the Theatre

Ghosts and Garters: Light Nights of Farce and Folly

Sketches of "Night of the Garter," at the Strand Theatre, by KEN

"What's to do, then?"

The clock (Austin Melford) and the ghost (Angela Baddeley) almost fail to disturb the disdainful calm of Roderick Bodger, the butler (Sydney Howard), in "Night of the Garter"

"NIGHT OF THE GARTER"

THE late Avery Hopwood and Wilson Collison once wrote a farce about a garter—one of those compromising trinkets studded with brilliants and embossed with a portrait of the donor. The kind of garter that, in the code of farce, nice-minded young men regularly give to pure-as-the-lily young women as tokens of a nameless regard; and which, when both parties are married to someone else, becomes an object of suspicion, to be retrieved only by subterfuge and the slamming of bed-room doors.

AUSTIN MELFORD has "revised" this ancient masterpiece and produced it in collaboration with Leslie Henson, whose inventive touch can be traced in many a quip and crank in what proves to be a Grand Prix de Bedlam. Everybody, from the fall of the flag, goes "flat out." The team-work and the timing are miraculous. Lunacy runs, not on six cylinders, but sixty. There is no pause, no quieter moments when we can get our second wind. Bedlam, once let loose with an explosive roar, runs its course to the end. We are engulfed in a non-stop nightmare of nonsense, which breaks out in an empty house where grandfather clocks rise up and walk, doors bang, and pursuers and pursued play a hectic game of hide-and-seek within limits of split seconds. It is the ghost's high noon, when sanity flies through the window into a night of storm, and slapstick is master of every exit.

IN this haunted Tower of Babel, Jane Welsh and Harold French come to spend the first night of their honeymoon. (They would! These connubial premières are of the essence of farcical excruciation. Honeymoon-nights and illicit garters—what more, save undies, can the heart desire?) With them is Sydney Howard—Bodger, the butler—in a frock-coat of flowing beauty. Bodger of the suave and silky address, the roving, limpid blue eyes. Pale hands, with an eloquence unknown beside the Shalimar, but worshipful among symbols of mirth in the delta of Comedy Corner. Bodger the retiring, the mealy-mouthed, with a conjuror's pocket for a bottle of champagne and the gentleman's gentleman's complete mastery of the discreet cough. Syd Howard, in fact, in the best solo exhibition of fin-flapping, wrist-flicking and unforced fooling which that delectable comedian has yet given us.

WITHOUT his unflurried and flexible drolleries the foundations of Babel would have been unequal to the strain. The storm of screams, bumps and bangs broke upon his filleted shoulders and rebounded with added zest to wilder spasms. His whole body was the mirror in which the nightmare emotions of bewilderment and alarm were ludicrously manifest. Round and about him, up stairs, in and out of a truss of hay and a crazy four-wheeler in the upper storey of a barn, which housed, on the ground floor, more hay, a motor-car whose tail-light flashed and horn blew at exact moments, a rope and pulley, whereon Marjorie Brooks was playfully suspended like a marionette—a sorry plight for a fainting blonde—through all the delirium tremens of the chase, the Garter King at Arms pursued the even tenor of his inimitable way. When he retired to draw breath, the antics of the pack became too automatically hectic for mirth. One sank back, dazed and grinning, to marvel at the slickness of the production, and the colossal folly of the fastest farce ever staged.

WITH difficulty one remembers afterwards the bons mots, the neatest touches. As for the plot—"What's to do, then?" to use Bodger's Oswaswistlian answer to telephonic summons. Recollection envisages Angela Baddeley undressing in the growler (I forget why), flinging an ancient bridle out of the window in company with suspender-belt and camisole, and spending the rest of the evening moaning shrilly from a malodorous horse-cloth; Austin Melford adorning the wrong end of his anatomy

The clock and the ghost are her so that he unwittingly extinguishe

"So that's to do, then!"

Bodger is now disdainfully shocked by the goings-on of Kenneth Warwick (Jack Melford) and Mrs. Fish (Connie Ediss)

with the bridle and growing more dishevelled and hay-strewn as the turmoil grew; Connie Ediss, as the maid, dithering in bewilderment from barn to bathroom; Harold French combining the rôles of galloping sleuth-hound and cheated bridegroom, with Harold Warrender in fraternal full cry. Their staying power is astounding.

A crazy night with a vengeance.

disguised as barrels, and disturb at last Bodger's disdain, so much the much-disturbed bridegroom, Teddy Darling (Harold French)

"RHYME AND RHYTHM"

But not reason—there's never too much of that in the kind of hotch-potch of song-dance-sketch to which the admirers of Laddie Cliff and Phyllis Monkman gave a rapturous welcome at the Winter Garden. Between them these two trusty favourites carry most of the revuesical, co-optimistic business on hand—and foot, for Laddie Cliff is still a dancing ace, and Phyllis Monkman can show a leg scarcely less nifty than in the halcyon days of the Alhambra. The subsidiary male talent is not over-strong, and there are many weak links in the chain of sketches which would be better removed than re-riveted. Surely the joke about the Glaxo baby died of senility years ago. The asylum sketch, in which an inmate rudely registers his lunacy on the hind-quarters of a visiting angel, is an old friend, and a certain amount of material, such as the audition, in which Vera Bryer and Gilly Flower sing and dance as the Sisters Sprightley. Laddie Cliff is amusing as a deaf pierhead comedian with one song and two jokes, and Phyllis Monkman burlesques a stage-struck washerwoman with "Don't 'ang my 'Arold," which has been salvaged from the ill-fated wreck of *The Jack Pot*, in which Miss Monkman's character burlesques walked off with the honours. The telephone, cigarette-smoking for coupons, and a village prize-giving, with Laddie Cliff as the Rev. Ronald Ramsbottom and Phyllis Monkman as the presiding lady "mare," provide good sport. Laddie Cliff excels as a Cockney coffee-stall keeper, and is in high favour as a revivalist of his musical past. "Swanee" takes us back a bit, and revue audiences are never loth to express their sentimental loyalties. Alfredo Campoli's violin virtuosity, in a trio composed of himself, a Russian pianist, and an English 'cellist, goes down like butter, and the subsequent burlesque by Laddie Cliff, Basil Howes, and James Croome, an adept juvenile dancer, throws the house into a final convulsion. Roland Leigh's "April's Folly" gives Miss Monkman another chance to show how excellent she is as a burlesque comédienne, but this act of kindness is hardly justified by the ferocity of the onslaught on the actress whose name is a month every day and a household word on Sundays. Proceedings in the first half are overshadowed by a jazz band in pink coats with blue facings—subsequently exchanged for dinner jackets and black ties—whose monopoly of the stage does not help intimacy, colour-schemes, or presentation. Pruned and polished, *Rhyme and Rhythm* should flow smoothly enough for the consumers of such happy-go-lucky fare. TRINCULO.

Left: At the Yearling Sales at Doncaster last week, when prices were a good deal better than anyone had dared to hope: Sir James Nelson and Mrs. O'Brien

Right: Another group at the Doncaster Sales: Betty and John Lambton, the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton, Lord Adare, and the Hon. George Lambton

"Regular" on Racing

Strenuous Days at Doncaster: Beds, Bids and Business

WHAT a week! For achieving perpetual motion in the human body, Doncaster has made scientific history. For four days the racing Regular knows no rest; repose during Leger week is unheard of.

IF you 've played your cards frightfully well, you may, of course, get an invitation to stay at one of those ancestral halls, an odd wing or two of which are still open, in some parts of the country.

I AM taking it, though, that you are one of that vast army which "does" Doncaster "in rooms," for, during this week of all weeks, this normally peaceful town employed in the manufacture of butterscotch becomes one vast lodging-house.

EVERY house in those long streets of identical houses which make it so difficult to find one's way home if one has been out to dinner has its full quota of lodgers, and what happens to the householders themselves will ever remain a mystery to me.

MUFFLED groans from a subterranean cupboard have occasionally reached my ears, followed by "Ssh, Father! you know you slept there last year as comfortable as might be," and a childish whimper by "Nay, Maggie, a great big girl like you frightened of a few beetles! I 'm surprised."

ONE'S Doncaster landlady is a kindly soul; her ideas of interior decoration may not coincide with your own, but, what is far more important, she is in all probability a first-rate cook.

MY present hostess is a gem in that respect, and her culinary art more than compensates for the portrait of an ancestor in a Wilfred Egerton collar—photographed some time after his decease, from all appearances—which gazes down at me with evident disapproval as I write, and a china edifice with a description which denotes that it was a present from Redcar.

ONE'S week here commences about Monday, 5.30 p.m., when, having been warmly greeted by your landlady and shown your feather-bed, and read the texts above it (no decent woman in Doncaster would dream of letting a bedroom without a feather-bed surmounted by a quotation from the better-known Scriptures), you make a peregrination to the shops.

THERE you will find a number of your friends and acquaintances, for, although you can rely on the owner and normal occupier of your feather-bed to cook you a good dinner, she quite rightly leaves it to you to procure your own drink.

WITH people dropping in on their way home from the Sales, and one's own consumption above the average, owing to the strenuous life, I have always found it necessary to lay in a fairly large store.

THE serious business of the week commences immediately one has swallowed one's cup of tea and an aspirin on Tuesday morning, and, placing a cap on one's head, one makes for the Sale paddocks.

LIFE seems full of mysteries to me this week, and another of its riddles has always been why one must wear this singularly unattractive and rather uncomfortable form of headgear in order to see a number of yearlings change hands; but it is nevertheless true that it is too, too shaming to be seen wearing any other.

THE auctioneers are the only people who are permitted to wear a hat, and a study of their methods is always interesting. In their different ways Mr. Somerville Tattersall and Mr. Gerald Deane are equally effective, while Mr. Needham, who assists them in their arduous duties and has modelled himself on Mr. Deane, is also very good.

THIS year their task has been far harder than in the boom days, when an animal had only to be led into the sale ring for the New Rich to fall over themselves to bid in thousands.

Now it requires all the auctioneer's persuasiveness to call forth bids of tenners, and, assuredly, never was there such an opportunity for a man with a few hundreds to spend to form the nucleus of a good stable. The trouble is, though, that it is not the initial outlay, but the upkeep, which gets us down.

Now watch Mr. Tattersall at work. In that aristocratic, slightly tired voice, he asks for bids. There is something rather supplicating about his "Any bid of a thousand?" You feel you can't let this venerable old gentleman down, and you almost find yourself nodding, and then go hot and cold all over, wondering what would have happened if you 'd been landed with it.

WHEN the bids are not forthcoming as he thinks they should be, Mr. Tattersall's tone changes somewhat. Instead of the benevolent gentleman asking you to "play the game," he adopts a more correctional tone. A slight note of sarcasm enters his voice, and he seems to say, "I think you 're very, very foolish not to take the opportunity of becoming the owner of this lovely horse."

MR. DEANE, on the other hand, starts bullying you at once. His "Any bid of a thousand?" seems to say, "Of course there is; if there isn't, you 're all damn fools, and I 've no time for fools." Sooner than be thought a fool by Mr. Deane you find yourself the owner of a horse.

I FIND I have let my pen run away with me on the absorbing subject of Doncaster and all pertaining to it, so for details of Firdaussi's great victory, and who did what, and how, on the Town Moor, you must abide your souls in patience till next week.

Bassano

A ROSE IN BLOOM

Miss Rose Bingham, daughter of the late David Cecil Bingham, Coldstream Guards, and of Lady Rosabelle Brand. She is the grand-daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn, and is one of the younger set who is seen here, there, everywhere and here and there again

Captain Baggley, one of the secretarial staff of the G. R. A.

Mr. O. A. Critchley, Steward of the G.R.A., who gives the O. K. after the races are run

Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. Cameron, D.S.O., M.C., Director of the G. R. A. and Racing Director

Brigadier-General Critchley, C.M.G., D.S.O., Managing Director of the G.R.A., and Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.C., M.P., Director of the G.R.A.

Major Paterson is on the Publicity side of the G.R.A., an important branch, these days, of any go-ahead organisation

"DOGS" of the Greyhound World

An Impression by H. H. Harris of some of those who so ably control the destinies of the G.R.A.

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Over-Specialisation—a Bombshell from Headquarters

Wheelbarrow-drill as part of the training for the Rugby season, on the Memorial Ground, Horfield, Bristol: Don Burland, the Bristol International, takes Foord and Watts for a ride

I DON'T know what the approach of the Rugby football season means to other people, but to me it brings a curious mixture of regret and eagerness. I shall not myself be undergoing the torments of the first game of the year—that wearing, tearing, lung-bursting game; nor shall I enjoy the grand fury of other games, when the stiffness has gone and the wind is sound and life is at the peak. That is something to regret, but the spectator has his compensations. He can shake his aging head, quite unjustifiably, about the decadence of modern Rugby football; he can fight his battles over again, crediting them with a greater glory than was ever theirs; he can make long journeys with agreeable companions, and visit anew each year the scenes of his imagined triumphs. He can sit comfortably in the stand and urge shivering three-quarters to fall on a muddy ball; he can bellow at lagging forwards as if he had never taken a breather himself; he can curse men for tackling high, forgetting the times when he also felt the force of a richly deserved hand-off. Yes, the spectator has his compensations, and already he is looking out the old overcoat—so shabby, but so warm—which has carried him through many bitter days on the touch-line.

WELL, what shall we spectators see in the coming winter months? There are no Springboks to challenge our pride, and I must admit that it is rather a relief to have a purely domestic season before us. Not that it will necessarily be an uneventful season; and here it is advisable to take notice of the curious circular letter recently issued to players by the International Rugby Board.

THIS letter is far more important than any chatter about club or international prospects, for it strikes at the whole basis of the modern game. It is a solemn manifesto, issued, so it informs us, "in order to retain the spirit and traditions of Rugby Football."

This is serious, and if our legislators are convinced that the spirit and traditions of the game are endangered, we must hear what they have to say. Their letter is a condemnation of over-specialisation among forwards, and a plea for the abolition of fixed places in the scrummage. It is also a sharp reproof to referees for failing to interpret Law Fifteen with sufficient severity.

THE referees are well able to take care of themselves, and no doubt they will retort that Law Fifteen, as it stands, cannot be strictly applied, but what are we to make of the attack upon the modern theory of forward play? Unfortunately, the Board have phrased their memorandum somewhat loosely, which is a pity, for it would have been far more effective in a curtailed and logical form.

As it is, by the Board's emphasis on the sin of over-specialisation, we are left to suppose that some degree of specialisation is permissible. Then, in contradiction to this obvious inference, we find the Board sweeping away the principle of fixed places in the scrummage, which is tantamount to saying that all forward specialisation is harmful.

Here I cannot help feeling that the Board have gone too far. We may agree with them that modern forward play has sadly deteriorated, and that specialisation is, in part, responsible, but it seems to me that the abolition of fixed places is not so necessary as a revision of our conception of scrummaging theory.

WHAT has happened is this. Over a period of years, scrummaging has become more and more scientific, and in the course of time we have lost sight of the bedrock principles upon which it should be founded. Above all, we have forgotten the need for co-ordinated work in the tight, and this is the source of all our troubles. This lesson was driven home last season by the Springboks, though no one will deny that the Springboks scrummaged with steam-roller precision largely because they were intelligent specialists. They combined elementary scrummaging principles—hard work, tight and low packing, and properly timed concerted shoving—with the scientific disposition of their weight, strength, and speed, and this seems to me an example of modern theory at its best. I would, at any rate, be prepared to back that Springbok pack against any other collection of forwards who scrummaged on the "first up, first down" principle advocated by the International Board. What is more, I believe the Springboks would heel faster and more cleanly, and cause fewer delays and infringements round the scrummage than their unco-ordinated opponents, and they would certainly give their backs more opportunities to develop attacking movements in the open.

Edgware tackling Bristol—and they beat them—in the match with which the Rugby season and Edgware's new ground was opened at Heron Field, Whitchurch Lane

My own view is that a certain amount of specialisation is an inevitable and beneficial stage in the game's evolution. There is no doubt that we have pushed specialisation to absurd limits, and as a reminder of this fact the Board's circular may serve a most valuable purpose.

We may agree, therefore, that the Board's indignation is both righteous and timely, but we need not fear too gravely for the spirit and traditions of Rugby football. The game is fundamentally as sound as ever it was, and I am firmly convinced that we are already emerging from a lean period, and henceforth shall see a steady improvement in the general standard of play. And if this prophecy proves accurate, I shall be perfectly prepared to attribute the improvement to the International Board's benevolent intervention.

E

Two ladies, Joyce Compton and Wynne Gibson, behaving in rather an unladylike way in "Lady and Gent," the quick-moving, wise-cracking Paramount comedy film which was showing at the Plaza last week

Cedric The

"OFFICIAL and diplomatic social figures vied with the National Capitol's plain citizenry to-night for. . . ."—what?

You can have just seven hundred guesses at the conclusion of this sparkling Washington dispatch, which attracted my gaze in an American newspaper last week. Not one guess more.

You give up? Then here goes.

". . . for places at the world première of Marion Davies' *Blondie of the Follies*."

"Uncle Sam's stenographers," the dispatch continues, "were as insistent on gaining admission as were the ladies of the diplomatic corps, the wives of Senators and Representatives. The première easily assumed pre-eminence among social events of Washington's summer season."

I QUOTE the breath-taking dispatch (which continues on for an entire column) from one of the newspapers of Professor William Randolph Hearst, who, if little birds are to be trusted, himself occasionally throws a roguish glance of admiration in the direction of La Davies.

Well, it is nice to know—isn't it?—that even if the American movies are contributing little or nothing to art, these days, they still have so much to offer to the giddy social whirl.

When I think of the brilliant throng at that "première," all vying with each other just as hard as they could vie, I come over all queer.

MEANWHILE, though, Sam Goldwyn is still bravely upholding the banner of Art.

For *The Kid from Spain*, the latest Eddie Cantor picture, Sam burst several blood-vessels in selecting a chorus of what he insisted must be "the seventy-five most perfect beauties in the world." He also spent over £4000 on the task, averaging £20 per film "test" of several hundred peacherinos.

In addition to the seventy-five young ladies selected for the high honour of having their lovely limbs photographed as a background for Señor Cantor's eye-rolling, there were seventy-five more, girls from various California athletic clubs, who took part in the "Swimming-Pool Ballet." In this number (now, hold your breath!) the entire troupe of charmers march into an onyx-lined swimming-pool and dive and swim about in a military water-drill, the whole thing being photographed from above.

HOLLYWOOD has come over all literary of late, and Eddie Cantor is one of several stars who are about to give birth to a magnum opus.

Cantor's book is a story of his seventeen years' experience in the show business with the late "Flo" Ziegfeld.

Then Mae West, the plump star of those amazing Broadway plays, *Sex* and *Diamond Lil*, who has lately been recruited to the talkies, has written a novel (not her first), to be published shortly. And our own Elissa Landi is now busy composing what she calls her "most ambitious literary undertaking—a trilogy."

So don't start trying to tell me Hollywood ain't artistic.

Seeing themselves as others have seen them: Charles Boyer, Clive Brook, and Claudette Colbert looking at stills of "The Man from Yesterday," which was such a success in London some weeks ago

THE Los Angeles law courts have been all the rage lately as a social rendezvous, and in them famous stars not only might have been, but *have* been, observed rubbing shoulders—or should it be "vying"—with noted leaders of the law set.

To start with, the pretty ex-wife of Cliff ("Ukulele Ike") Edwards, looking very fetching in a modish sports dress, appeared in the fashionable Superior Court to complain that her popular husband was exactly 17,999.66 dollars behind with his alimony payments.

Belfrage *discusses*

PASSING PICTURE SHOW

Next on the list came Norman Kerry, who appeared in court on the invitation of the Agua Caliente (Mexico) Casino Company. After a delightfully informal affair, it was announced by Judge Kincaid that Norman really ought to pay a gambling debt of £200 to the Casino. Norman, friends thought, was looking just a little peaked.

Sparks flew when Noah Beery, the "heavy," and brother of Wallace, appeared to explain why he had not complied with a court order against him to pay a £20 debt. The reason, he said, was that he hadn't got £20—in fact, he hadn't got anything.

"Then," said the opposition counsel, "what's that diamond stick-pin doing in your tie?"

"Just sticking," said Noah. "But it ain't diamond—it's glass."

Most *soigné* of all recent law-court affairs was the one when Gerald Mayer, owner of a house in Beverly Hills rented by Basil Rathbone, "vied" with Basil over a little matter of £200 alleged damages to the place. Basil, he said, took the house for £135 a month and moved out before the lease expired.

Everybody who was anybody, including Basil Rathbone, stayed away from this delightful function, which brought the Hollywood social season to a brilliant climax.

MEANWHILE—

Three London taxis, 1905, 1910, and 1914 vintage, have been shipped to Hollywood for *Cavalcade*. . . . Boris ("Frankenstein") Karloff is to be the latest Fu Manchu in a new Metro film. . . . They're really going to make a star out of Mitzi Green. . . . Barbara Stanwyck has become a celery addict. . . . She thinks, however, that "a hobby less noisy would be delightful." . . . Claudette Colbert has been made an honorary member of the French Olympic Games team. . . . Wynne Gibson announces she will hang up her stocking next Christmas. . . . Noah Beery might try that, too. . . . Sari Maritza has the leading part in a film called *Evenings for Sale*. . . . Edmund Lowe is to play the part of the mayor in a film based on the career of New York's Mayor Walker. . . .

WELL, "Roxy," which, being interpreted, means Mr. S. L. Rothafel, has left Europe for the last time before opening his mammoth new enterprise in New York, Radio City. He has been over here several times since the Radio City idea was first mooted, doing the "talent-hunting" act and scouring this country and the Continent for bright ideas to incorporate in the new entertainment palazzo.

Everything "Roxy" has touched so far has turned to gold. But if he makes a success out of Radio City—and I'm not saying he won't—he'll prove himself a better man than Gunga Din. There are already far too many theatres and cinemas in America, especially in New York, and they have been closing down and going bankrupt in all directions. And now comes Radio City, the biggest entertainment-vending establishment ever built, with an opera house, cinema, television theatre, and the rest, occupying an entire block on Fifth Avenue.

Can "Roxy" make it pay? He won't talk much, but he says he has gone back to America with enough new ideas to start a revolution in the art of show-mongering.

ONE of the innovations will be a daily changing of the guard similar to the well-known Buckingham Palace routine. The staff, who will be drilled like a regiment of soldiers, will include guards, pages, special officers, ushers, doormen and musicians—each group with a different uniform for day wear and a more splendiferous change of raiment to be worn after 6 p.m.

It sounds marvellous. All "Roxy" needs now are some good pictures.

Two Gainsborough films, "The Midshipmaid" and "The Good Companions," were fighting for possession of Miss Jessie Matthews last week. She is to appear in both, and production was to start on each last Monday

Belle Chrystall acts for British Lion-Gainsborough, and has appeared in "Hindle Wakes," and as the "frightened lady" in the film of that name, which was generally released last month

FILMS TO SEE

By "Two and Four"

Devil and the Deep—Best melodrama for weeks, with Charles Laughton, Tallulah, and Gary Cooper.

Lady and Gent—In which George Bancroft comes back with a fine performance opposite Wynne Gibson.

Bring 'Em Back Alive—See the pretty animals and lean back to admire the ballyhooey of Mr. Frank Buck, the producer.

Love on Wheels—A cleverish British musical talkie with Jack Hulbert and Gordon Harker, starring Selfridges' and the Green Line.

Club-Swinging in France

The Prince of Wales' Mixed Foursomes at Le Touquet

Above: Mrs. Harvey Combe, Mrs. Vernon Tate, and her second daughter, Miss Cynthia Stock, having tea together outside the Clubhouse

Above: A trio of competitors who took part in the Mixed Foursomes, hurrying along between green and tee: Major Clive Burne, Miss Sanderson, and the Hon. Mrs. John Sanderson

Right: Three of the younger contingent, who met the camera as they were leaving the Clubhouse: Miss Kay Smith, Miss M. B. Hobson, and Miss G. M. Hobson

The winning couple of the Prix Le Touquet: Miss Rosenfield and Mr. C. McGuffie

That expressive gesture, or, how not to miss a short putt, by Mr. Pim, while Miss Dorothy Pim and Mr. William Garthwaite act as witnesses

Between South and North

A Supper-Time Halt at Chez Quaglino

L.N.A

Miss Heather Thatcher and Mr. V. C. Buckley

L.N.A.

All holiday-makers' roads lead through London at some time or another, and one of the favourite places to call for refreshment is Quag's: caught in the act are Lord and Lady Queensberry; and, on the left, studying, we feel sure, the "Bystander," are Miss Heather Thatcher and Mr. Buckley

By Rouson

A cosmopolitan corner at Chez Quaglino. Count Vittorio Bernezzo is dining and wining with Princess Ali Khan; Mrs. Colclough is dancing, and her partner is Mr. F. More-O'Ferrall. On the right is one of the Ruthven twins; it must be Mrs. Barran, because her companion is Mr. Barran. In the centre is M. Quaglino himself

If Gossip We Must . . .

The Mayors and Dora—The Shadow of Unemployment—

A Critic and a Golf Ball—Visiting Delius

On the darkest-before-dawn principle, just when municipal tyranny was showing itself in its most foolish and most bigoted mood in the matter of freedom for the individual, there has come a ray of hope. And something more than a ray, too. A great searchlight shaft of common sense.

Sam Weller confessed that he was unable to see through a deal door because his vision was limited. I can see through a Deal mayor, however, and can realise that that very wise official, Capt. Davis, whose vision is unlimited, is after something big in his machinations to rope in all other mayors in the fight against Dora.

Last week, a Southend magistrate, less wise than Capt. Davis, declared that since he himself went to bed at 10 p.m., everyone else should go to bed at that time. And I bewailed that no great daily paper jumped on this sort of idiocy and made the slaughter of Dora one of the planks in its platform.

Now the unexpected has happened. The *Daily Express* is out, hot and strong, on Dora's track, and splashes across its front page the announcement that Britain is rallying to the attack on the detestable restrictions that dictate so unreasonably when a man, or a woman, may buy a drink.

I can imagine no more popular side-line to Empire Free Trade than this. The mayors, whose opinions are being sounded, are coming along in fine style.

The Lord Mayor of Manchester is one of the biggest of the big noises. His statement is on the ingenuous side. "The war is over," he declared, "and it seems reasonable to expect the early abolition of all outdated war-restrictions." Considering the war has been over for fourteen years and that there are grown-up men and women who have but the vaguest recollection of it, if any, "early" is rather rich.

But the Lord Mayor's heart is in the right place, and so are the hearts of all the lesser mayors who are of a similar way of thinking. A very happy, and encouraging, Mayor's nest.

What does *your* mayor think about it? Ring him up and see.

The autumn season is getting into its stride, even if, politically speaking, we are still in the doldrums. The unpleasant fact remains that unemployment is increasing rapidly and Parliament is not sitting.

I do not suggest that unemployment would vanish the moment Parliament sat, or that that august body would have any appreciable effect on it by sitting in September. But there is a chance that it might, and at times like this no chance should be neglected.

Besides, there is such a thing as

Left: One of the club-swingers who have been filling North Berwick almost to capacity: Mrs. Ian Bullough, better known to the big world as Lily Elsie, hits a good ball

SONGS OF SPORTSMEN

No. 6. The Racing Motorist

ON the Kingston By-pass, in my Morris Cow.
All too seldom I pass any motor now.
If I whack up forty m.p.h. I'm gay,
But, though I'm not haughty, I am bound to say—that

I'd love to be famous at Brooklands
As a man with whom none could compare,
And race a rip-snorting, stream-lined, super-sporting,
Breath-taking back-marker affair.
Yes, I long to be famed down at Brooklands,
But such things, alas! cannot be;
So you'll ne'er see me swanking high up on the banking,
Whilst the crowd in a frenzy their shillings are planking
On their newly found idol—that's me!

As the cars whizz by me, ruefully I curse
Cads who bellow, "Blimey! What a fust-class 'earse!"
For I long to buy a 'bus that cuts a dash,
But a first-class flier costs a lot of cash—Still,

I'd love to be famous at Brooklands
As the man who made Campbell look small;
And do such good work in a race 'gainst Tim Birkin
That I'd easily beat one and all.
Yes, I long to find fame down at Brooklands
And capture the public's great heart,
But I fear that the fact is I'm so out of practice
That if I once find myself out on the track, 'tis
A cert. that I'll crash at the start!

B. W.

Above : A scene from "To-morrow Will Be Friday," at the Haymarket, with Patrick Waddington as the Duke of Brixham, and Celia Johnson, as the Hon. Cynthia Lynne, falling happily in love

"window-dressing." Some signs of activity on the part of our elected (and salaried) representatives would, at any rate, look well. For the figures do not look at all well. There were 48,000 more people unemployed in August than in July. There are 126,000 more people unemployed now than there were a year ago.

THESE are not the facts which are the most prominent in the public eye. There is no point in dinning them into the public ear all day and every day. But I must confess that the realisation of them confirms me in the conviction that I am not interested in the length of time the Rector of Stiffkey spends in a barrel, in the adventures of Miss Brenda Dean Paul among the doctors and chemists, in the heart-throbs of June among the millionaires, or in the matter of whether Mr. John Amery does or does not marry Miss Una Wing.

MR. JAMES AGATE can, I find, take the large view of things. He can also display the personal courage which was demanded of dramatic critics in the bad old days when libel laws were less strict and when an aggrieved performer was apt to resort to violence.

The other day he was playing golf, when a certain comedian, ignoring all golf etiquette, not only played "through" him without permission, but hit him with a neat drive, in a dramatically critical spot. This was followed up with the message that "Mr. ——— presents his compliments to Mr. Agate and begs to inform him that he did it on purpose."

Mr. Agate's return message was that he congratulated Mr. ——— on having been funnier than he has ever been on the stage.

I REMARKED last week that it was a risky thing to try to get the better of the late Lord Birkenhead with any form of repartee. But it was not impossible.

I am reminded that the late T. W. H. Crosland emerged on one notable occasion decidedly victorious. Poor "Crossie" was in the dock for criminal libel, for that rare genius and truly great poet was always squabbling violently with somebody, both on paper and off it.

"Don't keep on glancing at the jury," said F. E., who was for the Crown, "the jury can look after themselves."

"Yes, I know, ducky," said Crosland. "But I want 'em to look after me."

Janet Jevons

Baroness Graevenitz

Has been a recent visitor to London. Her husband was a Russian; since his death, she has made her home in Berlin. She is English, and, before her marriage, was Miss Phyllis Goldney

Another scene from "To-morrow Will Be Friday": Lord Charles Harley (Athole Stewart) discusses the situation with Lady Immingham (Marie Tempest), who is supported by the Hon. Cynthia Lynne (Celia Johnson) and Angus Tallboy (W. Graham Browne)

Mrs. Cecil Madden

at St. Jean de Luz, where she and her husband have been holidaying. Mrs. Madden, who was Miss Muriel Cochrane, was married in June to Mr. Cecil Madden, the young playwright, whose last play was "Max and Mr. Max," at the Vaudeville

MR. JUSTICE AVORY was the Judge, and not only joined in the general laughter, but told F. E., in effect, that he had asked for trouble by provoking the witness.

For Sir Horace—to whom respectful congratulations on his eighty-first birthday—is really a very human person, despite a somewhat thin-lipped and severe appearance. And he is the soundest of judges, who stands no nonsense. The criminal classes—I do not think I number any of 'em among my personal acquaintances, but nowadays one never knows—call him, I am told, "Old Acid Drop." But they have a profound respect for him, and regard him, as his pupils regarded a certain famous headmaster, as "a beast, but a just beast."

It is difficult to realise that this alert, wiry man, whose interests are so wide and whose friends are so many, has reached such a great age and is still in harness.

SIR HENRY DICKENS, the only surviving son of the novelist, is only three years Sir Horace's senior. His retirement is imminent; but it would not have taken place at all, at any rate for some little time, had it not been for increasing deafness. I imagine he will feel his enforced idleness rather keenly, for he is that rare individual, a man with no hobbies.

His son, Rear-Admiral Dickens, has, on the other hand, hobbies in plenty, among them theatre-going. I saw him a few nights ago at His Majesty's Theatre, enjoying *The Dubarry*, and looking, except that he is clean-shaven, startlingly like his famous grandfather, whose interest in the theatre he inherits. The Admiral, until recently, commanded H.M.S. Repulse, and supervised helpfully the amateur theatricals for which that fine ship was renowned.

JAMES GUNN, who is now in the very front rank of portrait painters, is at present somewhere in France. To be precise, he is at Grez-sur-Loire. Having already painted this year, with striking success, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Maurice Baring, Mr. Belloc, and Miss Mimi Crawford, he has now nearly finished painting Delius, the great composer. Delius is not an easy subject, for he is blind and paralysed. But his brain is as keen as ever. He is enormously plucky, and sits in his garden most of the day, listening to the gramophone or welcoming old friends from England with the Yorkshire accent he has never lost, in spite of forty years and more abroad. Fortunately, I was just in time to prevent Jimmy Gunn taking a taxi from Paris to what Americans call "the Delius home."

I know that taxi-ride. It seems about fifty miles, and Heaven alone knows how many hundreds of francs appear on the clock. Yet most of the great man's visitors go in for it, instead of—simple matter—taking a train to Fontainebleau.

Shorts for the Court

At her house at Marlow: Joan Barry escapes to the tennis court or the river in the intervals of working in "Sally Bishop" at Beaconsfield; she plays the name-part in this film

A Star for the Future

Joan Gardner is one of Alexander Korda's "finds" in the film world, and he has marked her up for future stardom. In the meantime, London will see her in "Wedding Rehearsal," which is now ready for showing

OYSTERS are as dear as ever, but I did not find them dear at an inaugural orgy at Scott's. They cost, in fact, exactly nothing, for this was a special occasion, with the great and the beautiful present, including Evelyn Laye.

Whitstables *ad libitum*, followed by steak, lark, oyster and kidney pudding, and admirable English Cheddar cheese, formed an agreeable snack in the middle of the day, and reduced the hard-working to an afternoon of semi-coma difficult to combat.

The Younger Set

Two of its Most Attractive Members

Below : A new portrait of Lady Caroline Paget, Lord and Lady Anglesey's eldest daughter. She has four sisters, the next eldest of whom, Lady Elizabeth Paget, will be joining her in the world of debs. and ex-debs. in a year or two. Since the end of the season, Lady Caroline Paget has spent a good deal of her time at Plas Newydd, her parents' Welsh home

Miss Christian Pike

Who is a 1932 débutante and was presented at Court in May, is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Eben Pike. They have all been down at Hayling Island, which is very popular in the summer for bathing and golf, though not much written up

Lady Caroline Paget

Photographs by Edmund Harrington

"Life Expresses. The Statue ha

POISE. By Dorothy Wilding

One of the most important events of the photographic year took place when the London Salon of Photography opened their 1932 International Exhibition last Saturday at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, Pall Mall East. Since photography is a young and most progressive art, the standard of beauty and technique reaches greater heights each year, and this, the twenty-third Exhibition, is certainly no exception. Exhibits come from many countries, and from amateurs as well as professionals. The three photographs reproduced on these pages are perfectly representative of that portion of the Exhibition which presents beauty in its most direct and natural form

SUPPLICATION. By

has no Tongue, and Needs None"

Three Arresting Studies from the London Salon of Photography

. By H. Evansmith

INSPIRATION. By Walter Bird

SKETCH BY KEITH BRYANT. Photo by Sasha

FROM ONE PAGE TO ANOTHER

An impression in black and white of June as she appears in "Over the Page," the new transformed "Fanfare," at the Alhambra. Another sort of impression of the authoress of "The Whole Story" appears in "Rhyme and Rhythm" at the Winter Garden Theatre; has June seen it, and what did she think of Roland Leigh's sketch "April's Folly"?

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly
for "The Bystander"
by
Madge
Garland

THE curtain will soon ring up on the autumn dress shows and we shall see what the designers have imagined we shall look like—and be able to decide which of the many styles we ourselves prefer and will wear

THE seated figure wears a close-fitting gown of cardinal red velvet, accompanied by gloves of the same material. The only trimming is a collar of velvet chrysanthemums, which may be pulled up around the neck or allowed to outline the low décolletage at the back. The centre figure is wearing a suit of pale green corduroy velvet with a slightly flared basque and a belt studded with silver nail-heads and sapphires. It is noteworthy that both these models are made of English cotton velvet. The right-hand figure wears a red woollen suit, with a hat of the same material, and a blouse with an upstanding collar made of jersey, patterned in grey, brown and red. These three models are by Chanel

ONE of the most important features of the season is illustrated in the two evening gowns sketched above, i.e., the breadth accorded to the shoulder. On the left is a gown carried out in an unusual colour combination—two shades of grey. The waist-line is cleverly suggested by elaborate cutting, and the drapery continues across the back and forms a cape on one shoulder. The other shoulder is covered by the semblance of a sleeve. On the right is shown a dinner gown of black crêpe, which has definite, though very short, sleeves cut in one with the bodice, and a high, square-cut décolletage. Its only trimming is the large diamanté buckle which fastens the belt at the normal waist-line. Both the gowns come from Patou

THE ADVENT OF THE PELERINE

Yevonde

A SHORT coat of ermine dyed black makes a perfect wrap for early autumn wear. This one has a roll collar and a short shoulder cape which is inspired by the return of the pelerine. From Fortnum and Mason. Posed by Miss Janet Megrew

A COAT in two shades of grey has a tiny shoulder cape of grey lamb which is detachable. This is a Peggy Morris model and the grey hat with coloured pads of flat feathers comes from Jeff

A Short Coat of Flat Fur has Unusual Sleeves

Yevonde

(*Above*)

A SHORT coat of smooth summer ermine reaches to the hips and has a small roll-collar. The sleeves are worthy of notice and their twin points make a decorative pattern. With this coat, which comes from Fortnum and Mason, is worn a black velvet tam-o'-shanter and a black suède bag

Scaion:

(*Left*)

A VERY decorative novelty for wear with sports hats is a small model of a trustworthy friend made of Royal Worcester Porcelain. This little terrier is perfectly modelled and hand-coloured, and may be obtained from Marshall and Snelgrove for the sum of 4s. 6d.

Books of the Day

One View of "Society": The Foreign Legion

By "Junius"

It will be unfortunate, I think, if historians in the future, wishing to gain some idea of what is called "Society" in our day, should go for their material to such books as *Society Through the Hoop* (Werner Laurie; 8*s.* 6*d.*), by the Countess of X. It is reminiscent of those articles—generally headed "Startling Sins of Society," or "Society with the Mask Off"—which appear from time to time in the more sensational newspapers.

According to the announcement on the jacket, the writer is a "well-known hostess," and "knows everything about the inner workings of Society." She also "lives in the fashionable titled set of Mayfair." All I can say is, that the lady's knowledge is most unpleasant, and, if taken at its face-value, would be disturbing.

Doubtless there are peeresses who are marriage-brokers; also, apparently reputable people who are blackmailers; likewise, equally reputable people who keep gaming-houses, and all the rest of the ugly things the writer pours into her pages may exist. But to read her book you would think these things and people existed by the hundred, and that "Society" to-day was so rotten you would marvel it still goes on. Happily, this is not the case. Granted that all the lady says is true, it must be supremely uncomfortable and depressing to have so minute a knowledge of the inner life and misdoings of so many of your friends and neighbours.

Elwin Neame

Mr. Alec Waugh, the well-known writer, and Miss Joan Chirnside, whose engagement was announced a short time ago. Miss Chirnside, who is Australian, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Chirnside. Mr. Waugh's book about Haiti, "No Quarter," was published recently

So little is known of the life of Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of the Emperor Napoleon whom he made King of Westphalia, that a most interesting account might be written of his career. But in *Jovial King* (Elkin Mathews and Marrot; 12*s.* 6*d.*), F. M. Kircheisen, has given us only a rather blurred portrait, chiefly, I think, because from beginning to end he insists continually on Jerome's frivolity, extravagance, and love of parade. Also, he presupposes more knowledge of the Napoleonic period than the generality of readers possess.

Jerome was a naval cadet when Napoleon became First Consul. He went with his ship to America, and there, at the age of nineteen, married Elizabeth Patterson, the daughter of a Scottish merchant who had emigrated to Baltimore. Napoleon, then become Emperor, and furious at the marriage, had it declared null and void. This was within his legal rights, as the union was contrary to French law. The wife was refused permission to land on the Continent, and, coming to London, had a son.

Then, Napoleon having created the Kingdom of Westphalia out of his German conquests, made Jerome its King, having first married him to a daughter of the King of Würtemburg. The story of Jerome's reign in Cassel is a series of extravagances, but, incidentally, you gather the devastating effect of Napoleon's levies both in soldiers and money from his "tributary kingdoms."

With the fall of Napoleon, the Westphalian throne went down too, and Jerome and his wife, as Count and Countess Montfort, finally took refuge in Italy. Jerome lived to return to Paris as Imperial Highness when his nephew, Napoleon III., became Emperor. But I find the book lacking in colour, and a brief outline of Napoleon's European campaigns would have helped to a better understanding of Jerome's rise to a throne.

In *Valiant Dust* (Murray; 7*s.* 6*d.*) Major P. C. Wren takes us back to the African desert and the Foreign Legion. And a rattling, dashing tale it is, sweeping you off your feet, and carrying you into the burning heat and a world of intrigue centring round Major Napoleon Riccoli, a Corsican whose ambitions soar beyond those of the great Napoleon himself. These ambitions lead him into the deepest treachery against France, and how that treachery is foiled is told in Major Wren's happiest and subtlest vein.

Few of our novelists who take the War for their theme have Miss Ruth Holland's brave outlook on life. The heroine of her novel, *The Lost Generation* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Jinnie, felt that her life was finished when her cousin Eliot was killed in France. The poignancy of that loss is beautifully described, and just as beautiful is the girl's realisation that "not to live in the present was to discredit the past," an answer, this, to much self-absorbed mourning. In the end, Jinnie finds happiness through her own courage in believing "Life is still there, rich and unimpaired."

Miss Holland writes with a sincerity and a gift of description, so that her people, and especially Jinnie, are not just characters in a book, but living men and women.

When Fay Palmas, a baker's widow; her son Diego, a painter; her niece, Josie; and Purly Bond left Saltport, in Massachusetts, for Paris, they were in quest of adventure. But they never got to Paris, because at Teneriffe Mrs. Palmas met an incredibly handsome young Sicilian nobleman, whose proper place in life would have been a film-studio. However, he completely fascinates the widow, and she finds herself, as his wife, running an "antique" shop in Tramontana. What happened when Diego fell in love with a passionate Russian, and how that lady annexed the handsome young Sicilian, you will find in *Lark Ascending* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Mazo de la Roche.

The contrast between life in the little Massachusetts seaside village and what you may call the flamboyance of Sicily is amazingly well done. Here you have Miss de la Roche in a new vein, and a very pleasant vein it is.

If you want to experience the thrill of a motor-chase—either as the pursued or pursuing—let me recommend *Darkness at Pemberley* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by T. H. White. The chase is so well described that you can hardly sit still in your chair as you read. The story starts in a college at Cambridge, and ends on the roof of a house in Derbyshire, with a positive rain of thrills, including poison-gas, in between. Mr. White is a master in ingenuity. His incidents may be a little far-fetched sometimes, but he invariably gets his thrill. And surely that is the sole object of detective fiction.

Soldier-men will like *No Names, No Pack-Drill* (Cecil Palmer; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by F. H. Snow. It is a long book of over five hundred pages, and actually is the reminiscences of a private who enlisted before the War. Here and there, perhaps, the incidents are too drawn-out, but it gives us pictures of barrack-room life which no longer exist, and very often with great humour.

All Abroad

At Aix-les-Bains and Brides-les-Bains

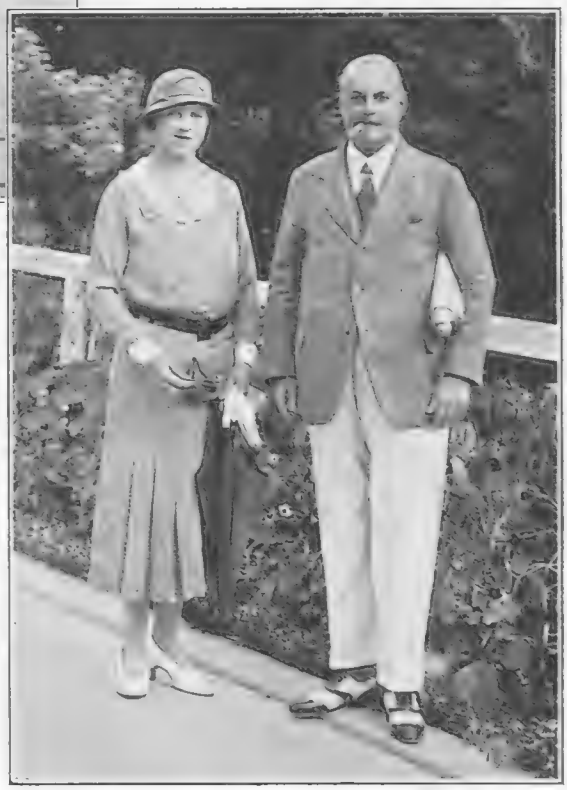
The Hon. Moya Beresford, who is Lord Decies' younger daughter, has been staying at Aix-les-Bains, and was photographed on the golf course there

Above : Lady Horlick, Sir Ernest Horlick's wife, photographed in the garden of the Hotel Splendide, at Aix-les-Bains

Above : Lac du Bourget, at Aix-les-Bains, is as good a bathing and sun-bathing centre as any, and Miss Ann Fleming has been taking full advantage of this

Left : Mlle. Lili Labourdette, who is the Argentine lady golf champion, on the bathing pier on the Lac du Bourget

Right : Standing on the Chamberlain Bridge at Brides-les-Bains, which Lady Chamberlain opened four years ago, are Sir George and Lady Bettesworth-Piggott



Sir George and Lady Bettesworth-Piggott

Visitors from abroad arriving at Heston to clear Customs prior to the Week-End Aerien, during which they were the guests of British private owners. In the foreground can be seen the new electric air clock, installed so that pilots can check their watches whilst circling the aerodrome before or after a flight

The Air Way to Sunshine

By Capt. C. E. Ward

A Cheaper Route to Iraq

TRAVELLERS who have become accustomed to the four-day schedule from London to Baghdad regard £62 as a very reasonable fare for so fast a journey, especially when it means a desert crossing of a few hours only, with no risk from brigands and no discomfort in a sandstorm. Everyone cannot afford to pay for speed, and a slightly slower service at a cheaper rate is certain to become popular. This, coupled with the fact that the carrying capacity of the air route to the East must be limited for some time to one through service each week, means that some combination of ground and air transport had to be devised, and Imperial Airways have arranged a duplicate service to include air, road, rail, and sea travel. A machine leaves Croydon at 12.30 on Tuesday, passengers arriving in Baghdad on the following Monday afternoon; and, in the reverse direction, departures from Baghdad are at 8 o'clock on Wednesday, reaching London before noon on Tuesday. The first-class fare can be as low as £54, with second-class down to a little more than £45. The air section from Palestine to Iraq is being operated by three-engined machines of the Achilles class, and that from London to the Continent by the regular liners employed on all other services.

By Air to the Sunshine

A HOLIDAY cruise has become really fashionable for the first time this year, but it means for the majority a voyage by sea, with occasional visits to the shore at stated places. Air-cruising has been reserved for the private owners who are free to go where the spirit moves them or where sunshine is guaranteed, moving on when they are bored, and returning home at leisure. Mr. W. Lindsay Everard, M.P. for Melton, is off to Egypt, Palestine, and Transjordania in his Puss Moth, piloted by Miss Spooner, with Mr. Macpherson flying a second machine. The first of a series of conducted tours by air will start next month, when Captain Charles Barnard leaves for the Near East in the famous "Spider" monoplane. For anyone with limited time to spare, who wants the maximum amount of sunshine combined with a journey packed with interest, there could be no better way of enjoying a holiday. Personally, I would prefer a cruise in a flying-boat to any other method known, but, unfortunately, large marine aircraft are scarce, and until wealthy sportsmen realise their advantages over yachts and motor-boats, opportunities for air-travel from the water will be limited to the Imperial air-mail routes. The Sikorsky amphibian, owned by Mr. Francis Francis, is the only large private machine in the country which is used regularly from the water. Air-travel provides the means of escape from the more congested holiday centres, besides enabling thousands of miles to be covered in a few weeks. A fortnight in Kenya, with a week's journey each way by the air-mail 'plane, would have seemed fantastic a year or so ago, when it took a month to reach Mombasa by boat.

With a Moth in Scandinavia

To disprove a persistent rumour that the route to Stockholm is a bad one for land machines, Mr. Ivor McClure, who runs the Aviation Department of the "A.A.," made a tour in his Moth last month, flying via Holland and Denmark. He was very much impressed with the weather-reporting service everywhere, especially from Copenhagen to Stockholm itself, over which there is little or no civil flying. Not the least attractive thing about Sweden at the present time is that the exchange is good, and private owners travelling that way will find abundant facilities for a pleasant holiday. The demand made on the "A.A." by flying members has increased tremendously this summer. A considerable extension has been made in the library of flying-maps for hire, and these can be had at Heston and at Cairo, as well as from headquarters in London. The Association's broadcasting service from Heston is a great boon to all pilots, and one looks forward to its extension at other important airports, particularly in the north of England, Scotland and Ireland. A complete wireless course is a new feature of training at Hamble, where students can qualify for the Air Ministry's licence. Marconi apparatus is used, similar to that which has become standard in more than thirty countries throughout the world where aircraft fly on commercial routes or on military service.

Lieut.-Colonel F. C. Shelmerdine, Director of Civil Aviation, presenting the cup for the first arrival at the Week-End Aerien. The winner is M. le Comte Bernard Skorzewski, who flew, with his wife as passenger, from Poland

Events at the Clubs and Schools

THE last of the meetings away from home, which have been made so popular by the Northamptonshire Club, was held at Llandrindod Wells on the 27th of last month, and the Club will be at home to ladies on Sept. 25, when a silver challenge cup, won by Miss Slade last year, will be up for competition again. The air race held annually between Liverpool and Manchester was won for the first time by Manchester's team, although a Liverpool pilot, Flight-Lieut. N. Comper, took first place with his own "Swift," averaging nearly 150 miles an hour over the course of 100 miles. Flying times at the International School at Hamble approached 700 hours last month, most of it being dual instruction. Mrs. Mollison took the "blind-flying" course, and two officers of the Italian Air Force, Lt.-Col. Lanciani and Lt. de Wittemberski, were also engaged with their heads in the bag. Twenty-four pupils are in residence, representing ten different countries, together with twelve officers of the R.A.F. Reserve. Lt.-Commander G. Rodd is most enthusiastic about "blind flying," at which he proved most adept. The night rally at Hanworth on the last day of August was a great success, flying and light refreshments continuing in the kindly beam of the floodlight until the early hours.

A Sane Lunch Party

(Many Guinness Times removed from Lewis Carroll)

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you'd only have to whisper a hint to him, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! One o'clock—

GUINNESS TIME

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper, "I'm simply longing for a Guinness.")

G.E.171 B.

SHE STARTED EARLY

Joan Marsh, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's blondest of beauties, took to the screen as a duck to water, almost by the light of nature. Her first appearance was at the age of nine months, but she went to school afterwards, to reappear photographically at the age of fifteen

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The Walker Cup Fiasco

YET another of the long list of disasters which have befallen poor old Britain in the Walker Cup Match since its inception came to pass at Brookline on the first and second days of this month. Francis Ouimet and his men not only vanquished the chosen of Great Britain under the leadership of Tony Torrance, but dealt with them to so much purpose that England could claim only one point in the whole match.

HERE is a state of things which appears to be lamentable in the extreme, not only to most golfers, but to many other people interested in the game only because of the publicity which it has achieved; yet no doubt there are perfectly good reasons for it. Read on: I do not propose to make any excuses for the team which has been beaten. To my mind, the result of the match is merely another proof that, for the moment, America has better amateur golfers than we can claim to have; but those who restrained themselves, perhaps with difficulty, from criticising the choice of the British team, the choice of the captain, the method of selection, and so on, will now come into their own and probably have a field day. It seems to me a very much more honest procedure to criticise at once, if there is any criticism to be made, and although I have not hesitated on this page to quarrel with one or two of the selections when they were made, I have at least said that, in my opinion, the team which we sent across the water was about as good a team as we could send in the circumstances

IT is not for me, therefore, now to turn round and say that such-and-such a person, had he been sent, would have won another match for Britain: nor do I feel myself inclined to do so, because, whatever else may have happened, certain of the younger players have gained valuable experience for the future. I can only say that I had thought, before the results came through, that we would do considerably better than we have done; that I had, in fact, believed our chances actually of victory worth backing at reasonable odds. I was woefully wrong; but, as I saw it, an American team without Bobby Jones and George Von Elm to lead it meant an immensely weakened American team, for every member had to move up two places, thus making his match more difficult. As well as that, I must confess that I thought any American team which included Jack Westland in its side must be less powerful than of yore, for the very good reason that Jack Westland when I knew him, not so long ago, was, frankly, not in the very first class of players. He always looked capable of playing good golf, but it never occurred to me, for instance, that it was more than a flash in the pan when he reached the Final of the United States Amateur Championship last year, a year which produced a whole crop of surprises. None of these remarks must, please, be taken to be in any way derogatory to the man himself, but I bring up this point only because it helps to explain my own attitude to the Match. Jack Westland is a very good fellow, and, no doubt, now a very good golfer.

I DO not think that much discussion on this Walker Cup Match will be of any use until our representatives return home, which most of them will not do until they have competed in the American Amateur Championship this year. In the first place, it is obviously unfair to say one word of criticism about Tony Torrance's captaincy until he returns and is able to answer any criticism that he may resent. It is very easy to say that he made a mistake in playing John de Forest in the foursomes and not in the singles, whereas, obviously, de Forest should have been played in the singles and not in the foursomes: it is very easy to say that Crawley should never have been left out of the foursomes: it is very easy to say that the foursomes partnerships, although possibly paired right, were played in the wrong order: in fact, it is extremely easy to criticise everything, particularly when the unfortunate person to be criticised has been leading a team which has received so thorough a thrashing as has ours. But we who criticise were not on the spot. We cannot tell what was happening at the time. We can only assume that Jack Bookless, one of the finest of our amateur golfers, was suffering from a severe loss of form which was the reason for his exclusion from the Match. We might say that no golfer so good, and no golfer with such a reputation for rising to the occasion, should ever have been left out, even if apparently out of form; but the point is that Tony Torrance was the captain of the side, appointed by our representatives, and that his word went. There can be no question that he did what he thought best at the time, and there can be no question that we would all be loud in his praise had we won the Match. I will therefore refrain from any serious criticism until the members of the team have returned to England and can be engaged in conversation on the subject. After all, they were there, and they know best.

Miss Betty Rumbold, Sir Horace Rumbold's niece, is photographed with Stephens, the starter, at North Berwick

At Le Touquet, where they were playing in the Prince of Wales's Mixed Foursomes: Mr. and Mrs. Lipscombe

THERE is one point, however, which I would like to make clear, and that is to say how very glad I am that Burke, the Irishman, did so well in his singles match. Those of you who read me week by week will remember that I was always rather against his inclusion in the team. I can only say that I am very happy to have been proved so very wrong.

THE Amateur Championship of America remains to be played, and many of our representatives in this recent fiasco will be playing on their own and for themselves, but, by doing well, each individual person can do much to restore a certain amount of the prestige of British golf, which has been so rudely shattered by the result of this match, and I sincerely hope that one or other of them will achieve a good performance. What is more—am I too much of an optimist? I hope not—I firmly believe that there will be at least one British representative in the last eight of the Championship.

BUT I would not be surprised if the Englishman to do best were to be that very one whose grand golf we all know, and who is acclimatised to the country, that very one whose exclusion from the Walker Cup side has always left me bewildered and befogged. I am, of course, referring to Cyril Tolley.

THE BYSTANDER

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes

Ranelagh and Roehampton,
October 4th to 7th, 1932

See page iv for Entry Form.

ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 15th

These and Those—

Here and There

At Cap d'Antibes: Mr. Lawrence Tibbett, the American opera singer, with his wife, in the garden of the villa which they have taken there

Below: Lady Rosebery with the Hon. Lavinia Strutt, before the latter went into the ring at the Bucks County Show at Mertmorn Park, Chiddingstone

Above: Lady Moira Forbes and her hunter, Hasta Vista, which took a first in the North Westmeath Show. Lady Moira Forbes and the Marquis de Bassie are to be married in the near future at Newton Forbes

Entertaining in Ireland

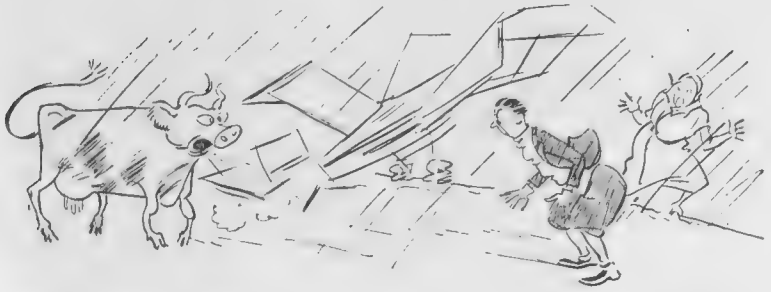
Left: Miss Muffet Clarke and Lady Olivia Taylour have a dolls' tea-party at Virginia Park, their Irish home. Lady Olivia Taylour is Lord and Lady Bective's daughter, and Miss Muffet Clarke is Lady Bective's daughter by her first marriage

A sub-deb. on the tee, at North Berwick: Miss Julia Dutton, who is to be presented next year, is Admiral the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Dutton's elder daughter, and a niece of Lord Sherborne

Collaborators at Large:

An Aerial Lead: By Gerard Fairlie

Comic Cuts by H. H. Harris



M. and Mme. Blenstein, of Paris, trying to find Heston somewhere in Somerset, during a rain-storm

It is an extraordinary thing that we who are British and who pride ourselves on our good manners should, in reality, suffer so much from the lack of them. The sight of the average Englishman travelling abroad visiting a restaurant, perhaps, or some such place, which brings him into the public eye, is quite sufficient positively to shock other Englishmen possessed with knowledge of the country and more sensitive. The arrogant, ill-mannered treatment which this guest in the country is apt to show to those who are obviously his hosts, even though they may be waiters, is frequently a sight to make one regret one's nationality.

We are also, as a race, apparently prepared to accept, as our divine right, hospitality from all over the Continent, and, in fact, from all over the world, without making the smallest attempt to repay it. I have noticed, time and time again, that teams in all sports leave this country for matches abroad, and that it seems to take a matter of three or four years before they can work themselves up to repay, in a similar manner, in this country, the kindnesses which they themselves have received. I say, without hesitation, that this is one of the greatest failings of which we, as a nation, are guilty, and it is one which does an immense amount of harm abroad.

It was, therefore, with a feeling of real pleasure that Harris and I went down to a certain air-park near London the other day in order to observe certain Englishmen doing their best to entertain guests from no less than six Continental countries, who had arrived by air for what was described as a Week-End Aérien. The occasion was the entertainment of private owners of aeroplanes from France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Poland, and Greece who had arrived for a week-end of flying round about England.

It cannot be denied that it was about time that this entertainment was proffered by our own private owners, for there have been various expeditions when large parties in privately-owned aircraft have left for abroad and received nothing but the most unfailing help in all directions and very great hospitality. But it is better not to dwell too long on this point. Let us forget it for the moment in the pleasurable, if slightly surprising, fact that British owners of aircraft have at least done their best to repay what kindnesses they may have received at the hands of Continental flying people.

The programme arranged for these welcome visitors was one which should, at any rate, have given the guests a feeling that they were wanted, and it seemed to Harris and myself, wandering about the air-park and intermingling with hosts and guests alike, that not only were the Englishmen pleased to see their foreign friends, but the foreigners delighted to be with the English. Originally, the owners of more than the thirty-six machines which arrived had planned to cross the Channel on the Thursday, but for various reasons certain of the intended guests were unable to make the journey. The saddest story of all refers to a Belgian who has but recently started flying, and who courageously made England . . . but an England somewhat wide of London. Still, I am reliably informed that he only missed the first night's entertainment.

Colonel Shelmerdine, Director of Civil Aviation, presented a silver cup to M. le Comte Skorzewski, of Poland, for being the first arrival at Heston after noon

On arrival, the guests entered the giant air-liner, Hannibal, and had a look round London from the air. On returning, a party was given for them at the May Fair Hotel, and they dined at Poulsen's, at Datchet, returning to the May Fair, where they slept. At 11 a.m. on the Friday, an imposing sight was seen when the foreign aircraft were flagged off, one after the other, at less than a minute

(*Continued on page 528*)

. . . but it should have been given, I think, to one of the W-EA's for the best spelling and pronunciation of Comte Skorzewski's name

One of the W-EA's had the job of meeting in the air Count Czarkowski-Golezewsk, somewhere over England . . . The chief mechanic at Heston has now gone all Continental

Letters of a Lady Golfer:

By Eleanor E. Helme

At North Berwick: Miss Vanda Swetenham, Lady Jessel's daughter, with Miss Egerton Warburton, who is a granddaughter of Lord Newton

Another photograph taken on the North Berwick links: Miss Greta Turnbull, who was presented this year, and her brother, Mr. John Turnbull, who was the crack bowler in the Eton eleven this year

DEAR BYSTANDER—

I DO wish I had thought of asking you to come and assist at the draw for the Girls' Championship the other day, because it really was quite an exciting entertainment. So will be the Championship itself, and don't forget Stoke Poges, Sept. 14, 15 and 16, if you are in that direction. A draw may not sound as if it would send shivers down one's back: a numbered list, thirty-one counters, with numbers on them, jingling in a little china bowl; but the worthy golfer with me was so keyed up that it was, "Quick, quick; oh, I do hope this is going to be a good player." The result of the draw is really so excellent that I am quite afraid the pussies will think it was seeded. On my word of honour, that was not the case. *Eve*, as you know, had a soul above subterfuges to try to get the matches she wanted in her foursomes. *Britannia*, when she joined the partnership, never stuck so much as one prong of her trident improperly into that china bowl, and THE BYSTANDER methods are just the same. The numbered counters blindly drawn, the numbered list to identify them, and British or invader, last year's medallist, youngest competitor, most distinguished golfer ever entered, they all take their chance, just exactly and impartially as they come out of the bowl and nohow else. So it quite thrilled one to find, when all the counters were out and the names written, and the lines drawn in the correct places to show who might meet each other in the semi-finals, and not before, that there was at least one outstanding player in each quarter. It is very difficult to pick precisely: age is not always a definite guide, for Miss Pauline Doran won the champinoship two years ago, when she was the youngest player in for it. That a girl has played before may mean nothing, or may mean much. Perhaps the only thing that really matters is whether she has done anything startling in grown-up golf. When she has made even a creditable show amongst her elders (and presumed betters), then it is time to think that she ought to go through amongst the younger ones at Stoke Poges.

THAT being so, perhaps I may be spared the claws of the pussies if I whisper in your ear that Miss Isabella Rieben and Miss Lulu Esmond, having conveniently come out of opposite halves of the draw, might meet in the Final, and that if they did, they ought to provide us with something worth watching. Miss Isabella Rieben did so outstandingly well this year that there is no need for me even to turn her up in the accusing press-cutting book which sits beside me as a memory-jogger. She won the Welsh Championship, and at Saunton, in the International matches, she gave some anxious moments to Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss Jean McCulloch, and Miss Pentony. She is an extraordinarily educated golfer, if you know what I mean, with an excellent head on her shoulders. And I have rather a notion, from the post-mark on a letter I had lately, that she has just been having some more lessons from James Braid. Miss Esmond nearly made startling golfing history in the French Open this year, for she was two up and six to go on Miss Diana Fishwick, and ought to have been three up and five, only she had a mad minute in a bunker, which just turned the match the other way. One cannot help remembering how well she played in 1930, when she and her sister won the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh. And I have heard that Miss Wethered thinks a great deal of Miss Esmond's chances of becoming a first-class golfer—really first-class, I mean; not merely one of the might-be-but-isn't-quite tribe, who are so terribly numerous.

The holder, Miss Pauline Doran, comes with plenty of prestige, not only for having won it twice, but because, in last year's English Championship, at Ganton, she showed herself a vastly-improved player by her sound wins from Miss Regnart amd Mrs. Guedalla, quickly, one after the other. But to ask her to pull off the hat-trick seems rather a big request, though, on reputation, she ought to come through her quarter.

THE most—I wish there was another word for intriguing—quarter is the third, partly because it has two of the girls who were expected to win last year, Miss Enid Pears and Miss Peggy Grant, and partly because the last of these two has to meet Miss Amory, the one and only American girl who has ever ventured into the Girls' Championship ranks. Now Miss Amory is eighteen years old, and she has an American handicap of seven, being a member of Deepdale, on Long Island. I somehow cannot picture her, can you? as an inefficient golfer, although I have not yet set eyes on her. I fancy that a Metropolitan handicap would not be very much out of line with our own L.G.U., and by that showing she is not a player to be taken lightly. But Miss Peggy Grant can rise to an occasion, and it ought to be a battle royal.

We shall have other chances of seeing what Miss Amory can do, for on Sept. 20 and following days she is playing with Captain Amcotts Wilson, one of Addington's scratch men, in those delightful Central England Mixed Foursomes, at Woodhall Spa. Entries for these, by the way, close to-day, but Colonel Eddowes is one of the least hard-hearted of secretaries, and might listen to a pleading telephone message or telegram if you wanted to enter at the last. They were the very best of fun last year, and some of the good couples are in again. Mr. Straker has a fresh partner in Mrs. V. G. Davies, Sussex ex-Champion and wife of the "Rugger" player, and Mr. Jack Thompson and Miss Livingstone are having another try.

ONE thing at least: one is pretty certain, in a Girls' Championship, one will see the game played quickly. It seems, just as they emerge from these ranks, that girls get attacked with the awful germ of excessive deliberation. That is one of the reasons why a Girls' Championship is very refreshing to watch. It is so much more delightful, isn't it? to see somebody who walks up to the ball and hits it, instead of another who holds, not merely one grand council meeting with her caddy, but several sub-committees, and has half a dozen practice swings as well before daring to hit the shot.

The robust advice of the countrywoman at Saunton, who told a nervous International to get on with it, was rather strong meat for the highly-strung player at that moment, but might well be remembered by all golfers. Miss Diana Fishwick, in her Girl Championship days, used to do the first nine holes at Stoke Poges in about forty minutes. I believe I used to play at much the same rate, only in my young days there were no Girls' Championships, and nobody heeded unduly what I did or didn't do. Which, no doubt, was very good for me.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

SEPTEMBER, 1932

16th to 30th inclusive

16th **Racing.** Ayr and Windsor. Highland Gathering, NorthernMeeting,Inverness.
Shows. National Rose Society, Horticultural Hall.

17th **Racing.** Windsor, Bogside and Leopardstown.
Swimming. A.S.A. 100 yds., Manchester. Men's High Fancy Diving Championship, Torquay.
Motoring. Middlesex County A.C. Lady Drivers' Competition.
Bowls. Tournament, Worthing.

19th **Racing.** Leicester, Edinburgh and Colwall Park Steeplechases.
Lawn Tennis. Open Tournament, Gleneagles.

20th **Racing.** Edinburgh, Leicester & Tuam Meetings.
Archery. Open Bow Meeting, Bath.

21st **Racing.** York, Gatwick and Limerick.
Fairs. Woodbury Hill, Dorset. Bridgwater, Somerset.

22nd **Racing.** Gatwick and Limerick Meetings.
Shows. Open Air Plants and Roses, Horticultural Hall.

23rd Autumn commences.
Racing. Newbury & Lanark Meetings.

24th **Racing.** Newbury & Lanark.
Motoring. British Racing Drivers' Club 500 miles Race, Brooklands.
Festival of Light commences, Blackpool.
Angling. Festival, Southend-on-Sea. All-England Fishing Championship, River Soar, Leicestershire.

26th **Racing.** Hamilton Park, Southwell and Wye Steeplechases.
Lawn Tennis. Open Tournament, Felixstowe.
Swimming. A.S.A. County Water Polo Final, Birmingham

28th **Racing.** Newmarket, Monmouth and Perth Hunt Steeplechases.
Shows. Royal Ulster Agricultural, Belfast.

29th Michaelmas.
Racing. Newmarket, Listowel, Monmouth and Perth Hunt Steeplechases.

30th **Racing.** Newmarket and Thirsk Meetings.
Swimming. L.C.C. (staff) S.C. Gala, Lambeth.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

AN unfortunate and ill-informed article, by a leading Rugby player, in a Sunday newspaper has given an unhappy start to the metropolitan Rugby football season. This article stated that a crisis had arisen owing to the decision of the five biggest London clubs—Harlequins, Blackheath, London Scottish, Rosslyn Park, and Richmond—to boycott the Old Boy clubs and strike them off their fixture lists.

NATURALLY, this irresponsible, but apparently authoritative, statement stirred up a lot of mischief, and I hope the youngster who wrote it is feeling duly ashamed of himself. It is true enough that there was a half-hearted attempt at the end of last season to substitute games with the big provincial clubs for Old Boy fixtures, but it was by no means enthusiastically received. The Harlequins, for example, turned it down flat, and any suggestion that there is a league of the big clubs against the Old Boy organisations is fantastic.

Right: An incident in the match between Edgware and Bristol, by which the opening of the new Edgware ground was nobly celebrated: An Edgware man being tackled

IT may be that Blackheath, let us say, have decided to make changes in their 1933-4 fixture list, but that is a purely domestic affair, and not one to be bandied about among the sensations of contemporary journalism. The fact of the matter is that there are at present only two first-class Old Boy sides—the Old Millhillians and the O.M.T.'s—and the others have surely no grounds for complaint if clubs like Blackheath prefer to play against stronger teams from the provinces or elsewhere. Quite apart from the question of gate-money, relevant though this question is, there is obviously far more interest for the players themselves in a match with worthy opponents.

Left: At the Aboyne Games George Clark, of Dundee, won the event, "Throwing 56-lb. weight by Ring"

The finish of the Aga Khan's St. Leger, showing Firdaussi (nearest camera), with F. Fox up, winning from Dastur, ridden by Michael Beary. Mrs. C. Rich's Silvermere can be seen coming up the rails into third place

En Vacances

On the Chiberta Golf Course, at Biarritz. Jean Borotra is having a holiday from tennis and has taken to golf instead

I DON'T wish to disparage the Old Boy organisations by taking this line, but until they force themselves into the front rank, they have no claim whatever upon the big clubs. As for the alleged crisis, I fancy it will die a natural death, unless the Old Boys themselves allow the imagined slight to rankle unnecessarily. This would be a pity, for such animosity could do no good, and what with fictitious boycotts and the avuncular rumblings of the International Board, we seem to have a lively season before us.

INCIDENTALLY, I am interested to hear that Bennie Osler, the Springboks' captain, is definitely of the opinion that the International Board are wrong in their wish to stamp out forward specialisation. This, I think, will be the view of most present-day Rugby players, though the Board might have made out their case more effectively if their circular letter had been written by someone who could put an argument with logical concision. It seems to me that when official bodies issue such statements they would be well advised to employ a man who could frame their recommendations in lucid and pithy English.

BEFORE I go any further, perhaps there is just time—and space—for a glance at the receding cricket season. On the whole, I think we may say that it has been successful, thanks to the fine weather in July and August. This dry spell saved many counties from utter disaster, though Glamorgan, Essex, Warwickshire, Gloucester, Lancashire, Derbyshire, and Northamptonshire will

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

Ballet-dancing at Wimbledon by Miss Betty Batt, when she was playing in the Junior Tennis Championships of Great Britain last week

probably show a deficit. The tale of adverse bank balances is indeed a sad one, but it is not as sad as we had feared it might be. The fact is that county cricket has weathered the storm remarkably well, and the future is encouraging, for undoubtedly the game is as popular as ever it was. I am glad, by the way, to know that Maurice Turnbull is becoming secretary and treasurer of Glamorgan, for he is a charming person, and an enthusiastic and capable one also, which is even more to the point.

AND now to a matter of considerable importance to fishermen and those who make their livelihood in riverside towns and villages. By a new Act of Parliament, certain rivers are to have their weeds cut twice a year in order to allow the water to clear away when there is any danger of flood. The Hampshire Avon is one of the rivers affected, and under the supervision of the Avon and Stour Catchment Board weed-cutting has been in progress from Ringwood to Downton for the last six weeks. Great masses of weed have come floating down the river, fish have been disturbed, and, as I know from bitter experience, fishing has been well-nigh impossible. I don't allude to this from selfish motives—there are more important things than fishing, and the prevention of floods is one of them—but I happen to have seen the effect of this weed-cutting on a riverside inn, where the proprietor largely depends on visiting anglers for his livelihood. He has had no visitors to speak of, and the cutting has been in operation during what have hitherto been his most profitable months. What is more, publicans, boat-proprietors, and professional fishermen all over England are being similarly affected. Even so, I should not complain if the cutting were done as expeditiously and efficiently as possible, or if there were not simpler and less expensive expedients against floods.

The work on the Avon has been given over to unemployed men, totally inexperienced, and they have naturally taken far longer than was necessary, as those interested from Downton down to Christchurch will testify.

THAT is one grievance we have against the Catchment Board, but there is another and more serious one. In the opinion of men who have spent their lives on the river, all danger of flooding could be done away with if the riparian owners would sacrifice their eel-traps. This also applies to many other English rivers. These traps are laid at the hatches across the river, and so that the eels may be swept into the traps, three hatches, let us say, are kept closed, while one only is opened. The water is thus seriously held up, and this obstruction takes place at many points along the river.

EEL-TRAPPING is a profitable business—it brings in, perhaps, £250 a year to some owners, with no expense, and only the trouble of raking up the eels. I believe there is at least one member of the Avon and Stour Catchment Board who has eel-traps, and I suggest that he might set the example for other owners by giving it up, and opening his hatches.

I HAVE an idea, though, that the Catchment Board are not only influenced by the danger of floods. They believe that if the weeds are cleared away the Avon can be vastly improved as a salmon river, which means heavy returns in rent for various beats during the season. This is a very debatable theory, but it is unimportant beside the points I have raised about inefficient weed-cutting and eel-trapping. The livelihood of a great many people is concerned, far more than would be affected should eel traps be abolished in the flat areas, and the matter needs investigation.

FINALLY, a note on billiards, and the new rule that the cue ball of the player must cross the baulk line at least once during each 100 points. This interesting attempt to check mammoth break-building will not disturb me unduly, but it was amusing to see Newman and McConachy coping with it in the first match of the season. It certainly gives variety to the top-of-the-table and close-cannon games, but I 'm convinced that these professional wizards will not be unduly bothered by it. McConachy was puzzled occasionally, but Newman just played forcing winning hazards, which brought his ball round the table into position again, when he continued to gyrate round the top spot as if there were no such thing as a baulk line. And when I approach the hundred myself, the marker will have to burst his lungs before I take any notice of baulk-lines or new rules!

Greyhound Racing

By "White Citizen"

Long Hop is one of the graceful regulars of the Harringay track. He is seen here taking a hurdle in convincing style, but the photograph fails to explain whether he is leading or behind

A Hare-brained Jump at Harringay

Why They Go to the Dogs

Some impression of the growing popularity of this flesh-and-blood roulette can be gained from this view of the crowd and dogs at Harringay. Comparisons of the different styles of hurdling shown in these two photographs are made by "White Citizen" in his article

On this page this week there are two photographs. The first is of a greyhound clearing a hurdle almost as perfectly as it is possible for any dog to jump any obstacle; and the other is of hurdlers in action during a race at Harringay, showing, in point of fact, an absence of perfection which is very obvious even to the unpractised eye. These two photographs are very remarkable: they are both magnificent examples of the photographer's art, and I happen to know that, in the case of the lone dog, trainers and experts generally have gone so far as to accuse the photographer of making a composite picture in order to obtain perfection.

This is not so, however. The photograph is one of Long Hop in action at Harringay, and, as all the greyhound world knows, Long Hop is the famous white and brindled dog by Macoma out of Bright Emblem, which was whelped in 1929, and which this year crowned a most successful career by winning the Greyhound Grand National at the White City. Many say that Long Hop is a lucky dog in his races. While I am perfectly prepared to admit that he runs wide in nearly every race, yet he seems to sweep over the hurdles with no waste of time, and in such a manner that he can afford to run the fifteen to twenty yards extra which his wide running entails. You cannot call this amazing jumping a matter of good luck.

The two photographs serve to show the perfect jump—that of Long Hop—and the imperfect jump on the part of less skilled dogs. In the photograph of the race, number four has jumped too high, and the two outside dogs are both leaving the ground at an angle which suggests that they will also be wasting time over the hurdle by clearing it too easily. There is so much in the jumping of a dog that it is small wonder what a very great interest is taken in hurdle races throughout the tracks of Britain. To my mind, there is no thrill to compare with that of a closely run race between two fast, good jumpers.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Long Hop has become such a popular dog. A few details of his career may be of interest to my readers. During his first season, which commenced on the 17th of June, 1931, he ran eighteen races, twelve of which were over hurdles. He won five times, and was second five times, winning in all £124 for his owner. He also broke the record at Harringay for the 500-yards hurdles, his time being 30·39 seconds. Since the beginning of this year he has run twenty-five times, gaining twelve firsts and ten seconds, besides the trophies which he has won in numerous open events and which include successes in the following important races.

He won the Roydon Hurdle Cup, at Wembley, in April of this year, and in a match at Harringay, also in April, he won a trophy by beating Midland Mountain. Then came the great event—the Grand National—and in the Final at the White City, on the 4th of June, he won the *Sporting Life* Trophy. Just over a month later he won the Midland Hurdling Championship Cup, at Hall Green, Birmingham, and the *Sporting Life* Trophy which was presented for the Empire Stadium Stakes at Wembley in August. Recently he won the Welsh Grand National Cup, at Cardiff, and up to the present he has won, this year alone, the very large sum of £966.

Harringay is the home track of this famous hurdler, where he is a great favourite, and a very consistent runner, and he upheld his standard there last week, when he met his great rival, Gloriosa, in a jumping match. He was victorious again, and, incidentally, put up a record for the track of 29·74 seconds. But his best time for the 500-yards hurdles he put up at Wembley, the time being 30·09 seconds, which equals the present Harringay record held by Carroroe. He is owned by Mr. Lake and trained by I. McCorkindale, at Northaw, and this capable trainer has done a great deal to make possible the brilliant successes of his charge.

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Leonardo. A high-topped skin with a slender belt at the back in smooth soft wool. A tiny medieval jacket, buttoned with golden studs—all rough, except for its close basque which is thoughtfully smooth to merge into the skirt. Wonderful in still, dark green or wine-deep red. **Price 5½ gns.**

Bayard is not only cut with the newest pouched line, but shows our rough and smooth weaves in excelsis. See how handsomely the rough wool enriches the raglan yoke and scarf. How brilliantly it defines the sleeves. Having no furs, partner, this is the way for you. In lovely red, black, brown, and blue. **Price 6½ gns.**

Petit-Chasseur. If a Parisienne went big game hunting in Park Lane, one feels she would wear just this suit. The jacket, in rough, has a piquant suspicion of Norfolk about it. The high skirt, in smooth, is pure, lyrical line from tucked corselet to hem-line. In colours you will adore. **Price 5½ gns.**

Chevalier. This is an epic coat—a copy from Chanel. Entirely in rough curly wool. Look, we beg, at the timing of its curves, the slant of its pockets, the devilment of those two just below the heart-line. Only tailors as expert as ourselves could possibly hope to reproduce it! **Price 6½ gns.**

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A New Era in Road Safety?

—But Human Nature Will Remain the Same

By

The Earl of Cardigan

A new Ford 14·9 "Tudor" Saloon in a charming setting on the outskirts of the New Forest

THOSE who assiduously read their daily papers, even unto the motoring articles thereof, will probably be well acquainted with the "new eras" which are continually dawning on a stupefied mankind. Someone invents a new form of slotted wing, and we have a "new era" of safety in the air; or perhaps it is a new signalling device which heralds a "new era" of security for railway passengers.

Even more frequently, the inventor devises something in the nature of front-wheel brakes, non-skid tyres, foolproof gears, or dazzle proof headlights. Then we have a "new era" of safety on the road.

The distressing feature of all this is that some people, utterly careless of these dawning eras, will continue to stall aeroplanes, switch trains on to the wrong lines, and run down unfortunate pedestrians. In the case of the motor-car, at any rate, the number of serious accidents has a nasty way of going up, rather than down, as one era succeeds another.

THIS year, I understand, yet one more "new era" is upon us, marked by the invention of several new forms of automatic road-signalling devices. The most notable of these will consist of coloured lights, red, amber, and green, on either side of the car, which the driver will control by means of an electric switch. *If* he operates his switch at the judicious moment, and *if* other drivers will take notice of the resultant illuminations, then it is expected that many accidents will be avoided.

Please let it be clearly understood that my opinion of this invention, as such, is entirely favourable. It seems to be an excellent device of its sort, and I do not doubt for one moment that it is fully capable of doing what the designer claims for it.

What I do deplore is that certain writers have seized the opportunity of tying the old "new era" millstone round its neck. They are expecting it to perform the impossible. They profess to believe that the mere supply and exhibition of coloured lights is going to convert the careless driver into a careful one. They assume that no one will switch on the wrong set of lights, or omit to switch them on at all, and that no one will fail to take due notice of the signals given.

All this is entirely opposed to human nature as we know it. A car with four-wheel brakes *ought* to be safer than a car with rear-wheel brakes, but, in practice, we know that the fool with four-wheel brakes merely delays applying them until the last moment, and therefore has just as many crashes as the fool with rear-wheel brakes. Similarly, the fool with non-skid tyres merely drives rather faster on a wet road, and so takes the same chances as the fool with ordinary tyres.

THUS, if I knew a man to be a good driver, I would cheerfully let him drive me in almost any sort of car. If it had no brakes, no horn, and only half an engine, I should know perfectly well that he would make due allowance for these deficiencies, and would drive accordingly. On the other hand, if I knew a man to be a bad driver, I would not let him drive me, if I could help it, in a car studded with foolproof devices. I should credit him with being quite capable of abusing all of them, and getting into trouble in spite of everything.

WE must not, however, be ungrateful to those who produce and fit new devices for our safety. Such devices are additional weapons in the armoury of the careful driver. He may be well able to get on without them, but he should not scorn to make use of them when they become available. The most cautious driving will not avoid an occasional awkward situation, and it is then that an additional safety fitting may be of real service.

Take four-wheel brakes, for instance. I, like most people, drove for many years with rear-wheel brakes only, and considered myself perfectly safe with them. Every now and then, however, it would be necessary to pull up quickly on a wet surface, and this would call for considerable skill and, perhaps, give rise to some anxiety. Thus I was genuinely grateful when I drove my first four-wheel-braked car. It made me feel no safer in ordinary circumstances, but, once in a way—perhaps only two or three times a year—the new brakes did their job and made things easier for me.

It is the same with the safety-signalling device. The careful drivers, although quite well able to get along without its aid, will find it a convenience, and occasionally a real asset. The coloured lights may show up where an outstretched hand would be invisible.

IN the hands of fools, however, I can well imagine such a device being not only of no value, but a source of positive danger, owing to misuse. There is a certain type of driver who will assume that, having made his signal, he is at once entitled to act upon it without further reference to other traffic. He will drive well on the left-hand side of a busy thoroughfare, suddenly flash what he imagines to be the appropriate light, and proceed instantly, without so much as a glance round, to make his right-hand turn.

This form of reasoning—"I have flashed my light, so now I can turn!"—is peculiar, but by no means uncommon. A great many crashes at cross-roads are due to a similar process of thought—"I have sounded my horn, so now I can go ahead!"

The electric horn has, of course, always been abused by the minority, but there is obviously a danger of any form of warning device being used improperly. It is comparatively seldom realised how wide is the distinction between giving notice of one's intentions and assuring oneself that such notice has been taken and is being acted upon.

The plain fact is that, if we are really to have a "new era" of motoring safety (which, frankly, I doubt), it will have to find its origin, not in the machine, but in the driver. In other words, the most ingenious safety devices which manufacturers can provide will not help the motorist who has not the wits to help himself.

On barren soil good seed is thrown away . . .

Anti-knock fluid alone cannot make a good fuel

The finest anti-knock agent known is tetra-ethyl-lead—but, it can, of itself, do but little good to an indifferent petrol.

In BP Plus it has the overwhelming advantage of being allied with "BP"—(already famous for its smooth running, power and invariable quality) in the proportion which years of experiment have shown to be exactly right.

"BP" PLUS

plus a little something some others haven't got

Dogs are Lucky To-day: By Lady Kitty Ritson

I THINK that few people realise what a benefit it is, from the point of view of the doggy community, that we are an island and that it has therefore been possible to stamp out rabies, and also diminish the mongrel population.

W. H. Hudson, the naturalist, has written very entertainingly about the mongrel dog of the 'seventies, when neither the muzzling order nor quarantine had become law, and it is extraordinary to realise that, in those days, London was full of mangy, half-starving curs, who belonged in name to various people, but who were expected to find their own living by picking up scraps. He says: "Many of these London pariahs were wretched-looking objects, full of scars and old sores, some like skeletons and others with half their hair off from mange and other skin diseases. They were to be seen all over London, always hunting for food, hanging about areas . . . looking for an open dust-bin where something might be found to comfort their stomachs."

The first muzzling order, in 1897, which was designed to limit the spread of rabies, was a great boon, for it meant that hundreds of these wretched mongrels were rounded up and destroyed in the lethal chamber. But it was a very unpopular measure, for the voices of half the so-called "dog-lovers" were raised in protest at what they described as a cruel and horrible law. They were about as humane as the people who wail to-day at the idea of horses being banished from the London streets. The sooner the better, for the sake of the animals themselves.

Champion Cairn Terrier bitches shown by Mrs. A. Dixon in the Brighton Dog Show last week, and bred by her at her kennels at Watford

THIS muzzling order, which lasted from 1897-1899, almost stamped out the "pariah" population of England. I can remember another muzzling order in 1909, because my large white pom, Reggie, used to bring his muzzle in his mouth when it was time to go for a walk. I cannot remember ever hearing that any dog particularly minded the muzzle after a few days. But I fancy that we who live in these days, when a stray and starving dog is very much of a rarity, seldom realise what a wonderful boon the muzzling orders were, and how valuable quarantine has proved. There is a good deal of sentiment talked about quarantine. Few dogs really mind it, and they are beautifully looked after. Besides, if you are so minded, you can go and see your dog every day and play with him in a grass paddock. At any rate, it means that the dread of rabies is non-existent, and anybody who has ever seen an animal or a human being suffering from rabies would never cavil again at the six months' quarantine.

Unfortunately, there are a few unscrupulous people who have had their dogs flown over from the Continent in private aeroplanes and landed in England, thus evading the law. Such an action is both criminal and shortsighted, and they deserve to be severely punished (which, of course, they would be, if they were discovered). I met a man not long ago with a wire-haired terrier, which I had last seen in Cannes. I asked him how he got it, as it was not six weeks ago that I had seen it, and he winked at me and laughed! Such people deserve a good dose of the "cat."

AN AERIAL LEAD *(continued from page 519)*

Despite the weather, A. Stampe and Edward Bret showed signs of having enjoyed themselves. . . . One young lady from Germany thought she came to welcome the Walker Cup players

or two's interval, for Bristol. There they had lunch with the Lord Mayor, and then continued by air to Hooton, dining on the liner Adriatic, and staying that night at the Adelphi Hotel, in Liverpool. But few of them saw very much of their hotel that evening, for a dance was given for them at the Town Hall by the Lord Mayor. On the Saturday they left Hooton and lunched either at Whitley Abbey, near Coventry, or at Lindsay Everard's private aerodrome, the choice being optional, arriving back at Heston in the evening, when they had dinner at the May Fair. On the Sunday, they flew from Heston to Hanworth, where they lunched, and then on to tea at Lympne, where the Cinque Ports Aviation Club Meeting was in progress. Thence back home, the whole forming a week-end, without dispute, thoroughly aérien.

This is but a poor, brief description of all that was arranged by the private owners of Great Britain for their friends the private owners of the European countries; and it may be of interest to know that of these guests, ten came from France, ten from Germany, nine from Belgium, six from Holland, two from Poland, and one from Greece.

GREAT interest was taken in the various foreign machines by both professional and amateur pilots of this country, since it was the first occasion on which many of these machines were open to inspection by the public. One ingenious idea was put into operation for this week-end. When the guests arrived in their various machines, little groups of three and four machines were allotted to one English private owner, and in the course of their travels around the country during the week-end, he or she led them from place to place in order to avoid the added worries of navigation for the visitors, and perhaps to give them more time to admire the scenery. In theory, this ought to have worked excellently: in practice, it was found that certain of the guests arrived before their leaders and certain of the supposed leaders arrived with no guests at all. These leaders had streamers attached to their machines, but perhaps they were not long enough in every case to attract the attention of those following.

HOWEVER, in spite of certain difficulties, it can truthfully be said that the British private owner has done his best to repay the kindnesses that he has received abroad, and, from the appearance and conversation of the guests whom Harris and I saw, it can equally truthfully be surmised that these guests are really sensible to the hospitality which they have received. The spirit of this occasion is one which English people in other forms of sport should be quick to follow, for good will is more likely to save the world in its present crisis than anything else, and the sooner that attitude of disdain which is so incongruously assumed by the average Briton travelling abroad is shed, with all its hypocrisies, then the sooner will the foreigner realise that the Englishman is not so very difficult to get on with, after all. They tell us that there is a camaraderie about flying which embraces all nationalities. Harris and I thought we saw it, and Harris and I would like to see it elsewhere as well. Harris and I very nearly became air-minded, in fact . . . right up to the moment when we were asked to fly. G. F.

Miss Southwick, who flew from France, and Fraulein Wirtz from Germany

Somebody's Dog has a good time coming!

His master knows what he likes and what's good for him, too . . . these crunchy little biscuits in four shapes and four natural flavours.

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In Packets and Bags **5d.** and **1/-**, and in larger sizes. Also loose—by the pound.

These prices do not apply to the Irish Free State.

SPILLERS LIMITED, JACOB ST., LONDON, S.E.1.

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Beauty Aids may differ in their purpose but should agree, one with the other, in that standard of quality which is the only worthy offering to personal loveliness. The famous Blue and Gold label ensures an equality of perfection throughout your toilet. Not a discordant note—Creams, Powders, Soaps, Shampoos, etc., all in tune with the purity and excellence of "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne. No higher tribute than that could be paid.

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Forms an enduring foundation for powder. In tubes 1/- or jars at 2/-. Sample tube 6d.

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Eau de Cologne Talcum Powder in tins with sprinkler top
Price 1/3.

These prices may vary in the Irish Free State.

No. 4711. Eau de Cologne Toiletries

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

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"mercedes" smart ensemble of frock and cape in navy woollen weave trimmed white.

cash 5½ gns.

16/6 monthly

there could be no more profitable way for a woman of fashion to spend an hour one morning than to stroll down bond street and come into yardley house in order to see what progress has been made in the way of personal dressmaking for the fastidious woman, who to-day finds her income, as so many do, seriously depleted. if the instalment method of settling the account is considered an advantage, this would be but one of the added attractions attached to buying your autumn and winter outfit from this famous model house.

a catalogue will be sent free upon receipt of the coupon.

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name .....

address .....

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and reflect whether your hair is as nice as you would wish it to be. To have lovely hair, apply a little ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL to the scalp every day, rubbing it well into the roots; this will promote the growth, keep your hair in perfect condition and impart to it a beautiful glossiness.

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"FOR BETTER RESULTS"

RETURNED TO-MORROW
lowest prices – finest quality

WALLACE HEATON LTD.
119, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

The Editor's Box

Squash for the Marlborough Club

The Marlborough Club prides itself, not only on its exclusiveness, but on its "modernness," both of which date from its foundation by King Edward VII., who, it is said, could only in this way become a member of an exclusive club where he could smoke. Now the Club is enabled to keep up its modern tradition by permission of H.M. King George V., who is allowing members to use the squash racket court at Marlborough House. The court is being standardised and brought thoroughly up to date by the well-known firm of sports court specialists, G. H. Carter, Ltd., after which members of the Club will be able to take advantage of the King's most sporting offer.

How Much Are Those?

The shopper enters the store, finds his way to the department he wants, sees "the very thing," and then asks that most pertinent question of "How much?" To-day the seeker after pyjamas and shirts is answered, in the only way he wants to be answered, by the manufacturers of "Luvisca," who announce a considerable reduction in price. The good points of "Luvisca" shirts and pyjamas are already well known to discerning shoppers; now to the facts that they are extremely well-cut, silky in appearance, and very durable in wear, and that they can be obtained in a wide range of colour and design, may be added the all-important one that they can be bought for half-a-guinea for a shirt and two collars, and 17s. 6d. for pyjamas. So don't ask "How much?", but hurry off to purchase some of these bargains, and if you have any difficulty in getting them (they are sold by all the leading outfitters and hosiers), write to the manufacturers, Courtaulds, Ltd., 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1.

139 Years Old, and Still Going Strong

In 1793, men and women used Macassar Oil on their hair, and to-day, though antimacassars have gone out of fashion, Rowland's Macassar Oil is still made, sold, and used. Its merits have been praised in poem and prose many times since George the Third was King, not the least of its bards being Byron in "Don Juan," when he said—

". . . nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine 'incomparable oil,' Macassar."

In 1831, Trelawney, a friend of Shelley and Byron, wrote of the natives of the islands whence the oil comes that they surpass, in skin and hair, all the world; "indeed, I never remember to have seen there grey hair or bald heads." The price is the same as in 1821; the oil would still "promote the growth of whiskers," if anyone grew whiskers now, as they did in 1810, when the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Sussex patronised this "wonderful discovery"; and the Rowland family are still connected with this business, the founder of which, Alexander Rowland, died in 1823.

At Bad Aachen

Mr. Geoffrey Edwards, Secretary of the Royal Society of Medicine, and Mrs. Edwards, who is Sir John Simon's daughter, with Mrs. Lieven, the Japanese Consul's wife, with whom they were staying during their recent visit there

"Food for the World's Largest Family"

This is the slogan that has been chosen by Dr. Barnardo's Homes for their annual appeal for half-crowns for their Food Fund. 400,000 half-crowns they want, and with that they feed over 8000 children, providing over 8,736,000 meals every year; half-a-crown will feed a child for two and a half days. No destitute child has ever been refused admission to the Homes in their sixty-six years of life, during which 112,000 children have been members of Dr. Barnardo's family, and their claim that no one to whom they appeal can refuse them at least one half-crown is based on these facts. Answers to this appeal, small or large, should be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18-26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"PAINTING THE LILY."

Modern Developments in the Ancient Art of Make-up.

YOUNG girls of my generation (and probably of every generation), were warned by their mothers that "men do not like make-up." The young girls looked about them and saw unpowdered purity unpartnered at dances and unadorned virtue rewarded by neglect, while beauty frankly owning to the assistance of artifice was surrounded by masculine homage; and they thought that there must be a mistake somewhere.

The truth is that one of the first expressions of femininity is the desire for adornment, the instinct to enhance every charm and beauty and to be alluring and pleasing to the eye. It is this spirit, as well as its expression and effect, that men sense and respond to. This is probably the reason that eulogies of make-up have emanated from masculine pens rather than feminine. Max Beerbohm, with his inimitable wit and lightness of touch, wrote the last, if not the first word in defence of cosmetics in *The Pervasiveness of Rouge*. It was our most exclusive *littérateur*, George Moore, who added the provocative comment (which becomes an exhortation) that there is no such thing as an ugly woman, only women who do not know how to be beautiful. Pierre Loüys's description of the toilet of the lovely Chrysis in *Aphrodite* is an inspiration for beauty's votaries.

Women, no doubt for reasons of their own, have been less outspoken, more secretive on the subject. But at last the *art* of make-up has come into its own again. It is not, as in Victorian days, the badge of immorality, nor is it the resort of aged harridans or a process to be dissembled. Every girl and woman nowadays knows that it is her right and her duty to "make the best of herself," and this includes the intelligent use of cosmetics.

MME. RUBINSTEIN, the famous beauty specialist, has for years made a particular study of the subject, and it is inspiringly and instructively dealt with by her in her booklet on the Art of Cosmetics. Her series of aids to beauty, with their many grades and blends of colour, stir the imagination, open up possibilities, psychological and physiological, and convert a woman's toilet table into an artist's palette.

Like the choice of her surroundings, her clothes, her recreations, and even her friends, a woman's "make-up" should, to be successful, be the expression of her *self*, an enhancement, not a contradiction. I believe that physical traits are a manifestation of character and temperament, and therefore their emphasis makes a personality more potent. Study your type, tell yourself the truth about your looks and the effect you are capable of producing, before you decide upon your make-up. This is not to say that one woman can use only one kind of make-up: circumstances alter faces! There are moods, occasions, clothes, surroundings, and "audiences" to be considered.

Mme. Rubinstein has cosmetics to meet every requirement: every shade of meaning in the feminine gamut.

Your basic flesh-colouring should guide you and keep you within certain limits; the lines of your face and even your figure prescribe a distinctive "arrangement."

IT is an exploded fallacy that fair women must have pink-and-white complexions. There are "golden blondes" who look exquisite when their clear skins are sun-kissed to a shade even darker than their gleaming hair. There are dark-haired women whose skin, in comparison, is white as magnolia petals. Rouge on lips and cheeks will sometimes convert a pallid personality to a vivid flower-like beauty; rightly placed, colour on the cheeks can mitigate thinness or over-plumpness. Eyes can miraculously acquire beauty when emphasised by darkened lashes or subtly shadowed lids.

Mme. Rubinstein has no prejudices: she has cosmetics for the sportswoman, almost undetectable, but protective; while her "repertoire" includes the most exotic modern fards, subtle shades of green and even silver to shadow the eyelids, in conjunction with appropriate powders and rouges and lip-sticks. All that she asks is that they shall be applied artistically, discreetly, and appropriately, and, with the wide range of cosmetics for their choice and the intelligent advice obtainable at her salons or from her literature, her clients should not fail her in these respects.

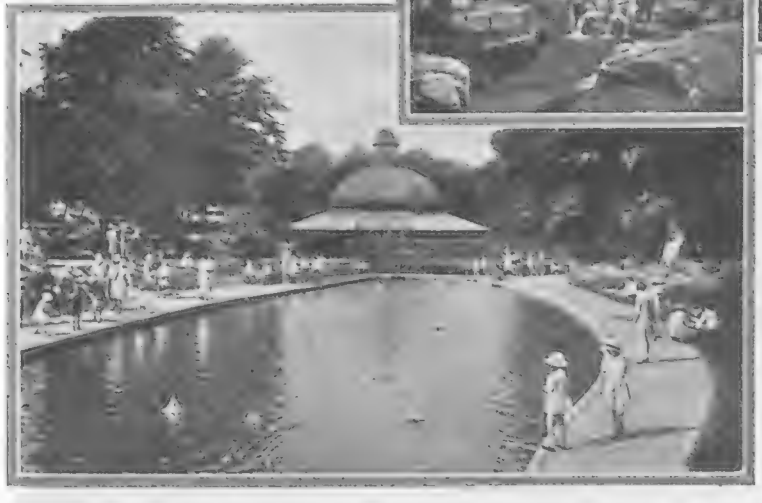
The Queen of the North: Her Autumn Season

In Praise of Harrogate

Above: A general view of Prospect Square. The shops are as good as in London, and Harrogate has long been the shopping centre of Yorkshire

Above: Lady Wood drinks the waters. She and Sir Kingsley Wood, the Postmaster-General, have just been up at Harrogate

Left: Part of the beautiful Valley Gardens, where the evening fêtes, a feature of the Harrogate season, are held



Children's Corner in the Valley Gardens, which is a most popular resort with the young, particularly the budding yachtsmen and women

Above, centre: Another view of the Valley Gardens, which are delightfully laid out around the beck which runs through them; and immediately above is a photograph of the Royal Hall Gardens

It would almost be true to say that the sun of the season never sets on Harrogate, for there is practically no time of the year when this spa of spas is really out of season. Unlike the oyster, Harrogate does not care whether the month has an R in it or not, but, at the same time, the return of the oyster does happen to coincide with the opening of the autumn and winter season of this Yorkshire watering-place.

There are numerous social attractions to be found there in the next month or so; York races, for which Harrogate is an excellent centre; the North of England Flower Show; two official visits of the Princess Royal, to open the new Hospital and a Training Centre for Domestic Servants; and evening fêtes in the Valley Gardens. Good music can always be heard, in Leeds as well as at Harrogate. And the cure: as good in the autumn and winter months as ever. The Countess of Aylesbury, Lord Glanely, Lady Benita Hotham, Lady Alice Rutherford, Sir Arthur and Lady Spurgeon, and Sir James and Lady Walker are a few of the many visitors who are drinking the waters there during September.

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COMPETITIONS

Results of the August Monthly Medal Competition

For the thirty best net scores, relative to the par of the course played on, returned in each L.G.U. handicap division during the summer months. Fifteen spoons in the winter. Full particulars will be sent on application to this paper.

Class I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The Divisions for "The Bystander" Monthly Spoons are in accordance with present L.G.U. division of handicaps, namely :—18 and under in the Silver division. 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course	Strokes above or below S. S.
Miss Mary Peech	Worplesden	73	11	62	76	14 below
Miss M. Brennan	West Kent	83	17	66	78	12 "
Miss E. B. Hector	Cavendish	79	16	63	74	11 "
Miss S. Mostyn	Stanmore	84	18	66	75	9 "
Miss E. M. Gardner	Long Ashton	82	17	65	74	9 "
Mrs. J. M. Fletcher	Prenton	83	18	65	73	8 "
Mrs. H. Sturges	Shirley Park	87	18	69	76	7 "
Miss K. Tilston	Warrington	84	16	68	75	7 "
Mrs. R. A. Yonge	Chislehurst	75	11	64	71	7 "
Miss Goldsworth	Birkdale	77	10	67	74	7 "
Miss Phyllis Moore	Stratford-on-Avon	73	4	69	75	6 "
Mrs. Palmer	Stanmore	79	10	69	75	6 "
Miss W. M. Berry	Ormskirk	73	4	69	75	6 "
Miss N. Seal	Harborne	94	24	70	76	6 "
Miss Joan West	Gorleston-on-Sea	81	15	66	72	6 "
Mrs. B. A. Mosey	Wollaton Park	84	16	68	74	6 "
Mrs. T. F. Buxton	Wilmslow	86	18	68	74	6 "
Miss F. Christie	Camberley Heath	87	18	69	75	6 "
Mrs. Hilda Frost	Sandwell Park	81	14	67	73	6 "
Mrs. A. Brumpton	Cleethorpes	85	18	67	73	5 "
Miss Nora A. Cleland	Walsall	89	18	71	76	5 "
Mrs. M. Baker	Cleethorpes	85	18	67	72	5 "
Mrs. G. F. Burton	Cleethorpes	85	18	67	72	5 "
Miss Nan Duncan	Whitby	74	8	66	71	5 "
Mrs. Hellyer	Cleethorpes	84	17	67	72	5 "
Mrs. Campbell	Childwall	75	8	67	72	5 "
Mrs. Williams	North Oxford	81	15	66	71	5 "
Mrs. J. H. Adin	Northenden	85	15	70	75	5 "
Miss M. Dunderdale	Blackpool North Shore	88	17	71	76	5 "
Mrs. Philip Lee	Ringway	76	7	69	74	5 "

Class II (Handicaps of over 18)

Mrs. L. Wynn	Cleethorpes	91	35	56	72	16 below
Mrs. N. W. Hughes	Gt. Yarmouth and Caister	93	33	60	74	14 "
Miss B. Edwards	Doncaster	94	36	58	72	14 "
Miss J. L. Sands	West Bradford	92	35	57	71	14 "
Miss B. Jeans	Warrington	95	34	61	75	14 "
Miss Erica Dring	Banstead	97	36	61	74	13 "
Mrs. G. Bryant	Halesowen	93	36	57	69	13 "
Miss B. Brown	Warren	93	34	59	71	12 "
Miss J. Whittaker	Alderley Edge	98	36	62	74	12 "
Mrs. M. Robertshaw	West Bradford	89	30	59	71	12 "
Miss Dorothy Hancock	Alderley Edge	94	31	63	74	11 "
Miss M. Hughes	St. Melyd	97	36	61	72	11 "
Miss M. D. Mason	Burton-on-Trent	87	26	61	72	11 "
Mrs. F. E. Couzins	North Worcestershire	94	31	63	73	10 "
Mrs. J. D. Lamb	Cheadle	88	30	58	68	10 "
Mrs. T. A. McClelland	Warrington	101	36	65	75	10 "
Mrs. W. J. Starkie	Stanmore	102	36	66	75	9 "
Mrs. A. C. Robertson	Jodhpur (India)	98	36	62	71	9 "
Miss Marjorie N. Hampson	Erewash Valley	101	36	65	74	9 "
Miss Jean Burton	St. Nicholas	80	19	61	70	9 "
Mrs. V. Davies	Bloxwich	96	33	63	72	9 "
Mrs. B. Hartley	Todmorden	97	34	63	72	9 "
Miss Winifred Marsh	Castle Bromwich	95	30	65	73	8 "
Miss A. Walton	Greenway Hall	95	33	62	70	8 "
Mrs. Andrew	Wyke Green	96	27	69	77	8 "
Mrs. M. A. Best	Cleethorpes	89	25	64	72	8 "
Miss G. E. Walker	Caledonia	90	22	68	76	8 "
Miss B. Pollitt	Worsley	101	35	66	74	8 "
Mrs. M. E. Abercromby	Aberdeen	90	19	71	79	8 "
Miss J. Lister	Huddersfield	103	34	69	77	8 "

"THE BYSTANDER" Club COMPETITION
Result of the August Monthly Club Competition

Club	Membership.	No. of Cards	Percentage.	Club	Membership.	No. of Cards	Percentage.
Tamworth	70	71	101.4	Cheadle	80	4	5.00
Langholm	68	50	73.52	Bowdon	46	2	4.34
Thonock	80	51	63.75	Chislehurst	119	5	4.20
Cowes	58	10	17.26	Halesowen	50	2	4.08
Cleethorpes	60	6	9.99				

Position of the Leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

Club	Percentage	Club	Percentage
Langholm	77.99	Cowes	18.45
Tamworth	66.20	La Moye	5.75
Thonock	61.21		

SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One

"The Bystander" congratulates the following players on holing in one:—

Mrs. A. Riley .. .. .. 7th at Bidston — Miss Bowman .. .. .. 4th at Wallsend

All entries for The Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* The Bystander *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — SEPTEMBER

Name { Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

.....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

..... *of which I am a member.*

"The Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(11th Year) Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1932

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(8th Year) Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, 1932

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

For Conditions see last week's Issue

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1932 — No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The Bystander Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 15th.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—.
Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th

ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES—
Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

Entremets

Gâteau aux Oranges

The weight of two good-sized eggs in butter, sugar, and flour. Rub butter and sugar together till it resembles cream: beat the eggs well with a tablespoonful of milk, add these to the other two ingredients: add the grated rind of an orange and half the juice, then the flour and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a quick oven for half an hour. Icing for it may be made by squeezing the juice of oranges and mixing in sufficient icing sugar to make it the consistency of double cream.

Citrons

Warm ½ lb. butter and beat to a cream; add 1 lb. of flour by degrees, then ½ lb. caster sugar, and ¼ lb. citron cut into dice; moisten with the well-beaten yolks of six eggs, to which has been added a few drops of essence of lemon. Put little heaps of the mixture in small patty pans, and bake in a moderate oven from 15 to 20 minutes.

Gingembre

Rub ¼ lb. butter into 1¼ lb. of flour, add ¼ lb. demerara sugar, 1 oz. of ground ginger, 1 oz. of candied peel, 1 lb. of treacle (warmed), and, last of all, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in a little lukewarm milk—enough to make the mixture into a rather stiff paste. Bake in a Yorkshire pudding tin lined with paper, and when partly baked, glaze with the following: Dissolve one dessert spoonful of sugar in two of milk, and brush over the cake.

Gâteau de Noix

Beat ½ lb. of butter to a cream, add ½ lb. caster sugar, and then ¼ lb. flour mixed with two teaspoonsful of baking powder. Mix well, and add ½ lb. chopped walnuts, a teaspoonful of vanilla, and four eggs well beaten; bake in a quick oven. When cold, cover with icing, and ornament with a few half-walnuts. The skins of the walnuts should be taken off before they are chopped.

Petits Fours

Mix together ¾ lb. of ground almonds, ¼ lb. of caster sugar, 2 oz. of cornflour and vanilla to flavour. Beat the whites of eight eggs, and mix all well together. With a teaspoon, put small round lumps, about the size of a two-shilling piece, on to a well-greased tin, leaving a good distance between each. Bake in a quick oven.

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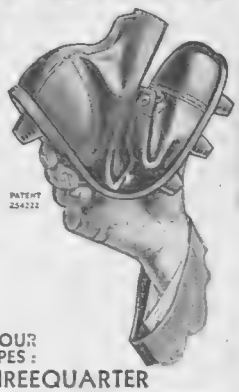

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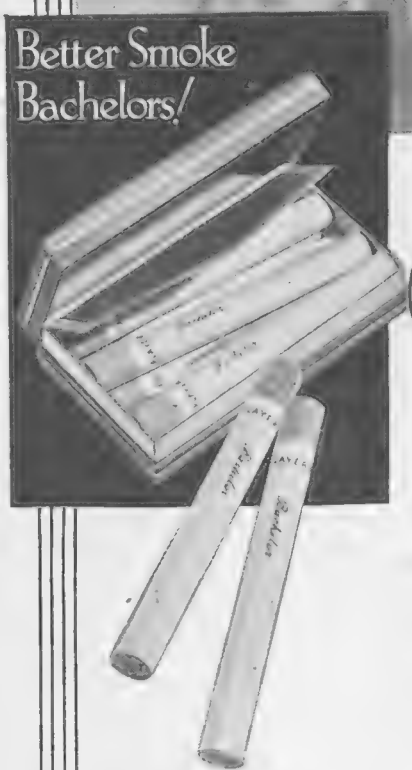

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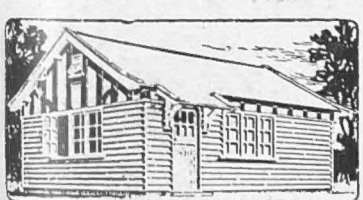

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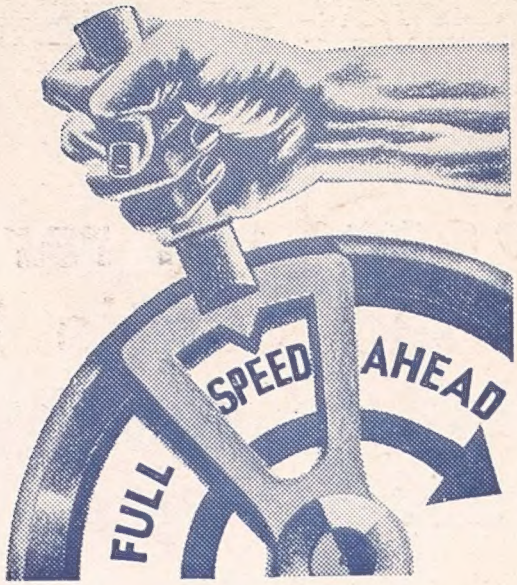

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